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Accessory Before the Fact?

LAST week's riot in Durban, like the more serious outbreak in 1949, was a slave revolt. Once again it was put down by drastic police action.

The immediate cause of the riot is barely relevant. In a situation such as this, where less than three million whites impose their supremacy on more than ten million poor, persecuted and resentful Africans, trouble may begin elsewhere on any pretext. Once a mob gathers, it does not stop to ask what new humiliation a black man has suffered: it turns its blind fury on whatever target is to hand. It may be directed against Indian shopkeepers, or against police trying to impose pass laws on African women, or against an effort to clear a township due for demolition under the apartheid laws, or, in this case, against the authorities trying to eliminate home-brewed beer. Like the slave revolts of antiquity, such riots often appear to the ignorant to be meaningless as well as hopeless, lacking either social purpose or leadership. They are nevertheless omens of a gathering storm of world significance.

All the white South Africans know this, and fear the consequences. They may try to dismiss it from their minds, to organise their lives as if white supremacy will endure indefinitely, to make South Africa the one place where white racialism can withstand the flood tide of African nationalism. By denying the Africans any means by which they may legally express themselves or, indeed, live as human beings, South Africa is leaving them no choice but revolt.

It is quite possible that some Nationalists hope to goad the Africans into desperate action, thus providing the government with the excuse for punitive action on such a scale that it will destroy the African leadership and cow the masses into sullen acquiescence. Whether or not this is the intention, it may well be the practical result of the present method of government by police terror. For, behind the sanctimonious offers of the Nationalists, terror is the main prop of the regime – and terror on a scale which makes the Hola killings seem an exercise by amateurs.

The African has no human rights. How else may one explain the detailed records of police brutality? On 19 April a South African constable testified that 'it was an everyday occurrence for prisoners to be beaten by the police', and he went on to argue that beating was the only means by which confessions could be extracted. Businessmen of Cape Town complained that their secretaries could not work in offices near the police station at Caledon Square because of 'the pleadings and screams of people being beaten'. Africans are kicked to death, and nominal fines are imposed. They are abducted and sent without trial as convict labour to farms. They die in the hands of the police and their relatives are refused permission to see the body before burial. All these are but a small selection of cases in the courts in recent months.

Every African knows what is happening to his fellows – and what may any day happen to him. In the end he refuses to bear it and the killing begins. The Nationalist government does nothing to avert that disaster. All it does is to ensure that it is equipped to win the battle. Because it believes that the major clash is imminent, it has ordered 80 Saracen armoured vehicles in this country for its police force, and two squadrons have already been delivered. A refusal to arm white terrorists would make it clear throughout Africa that Britain will not be an accessory before the fact of mass murder, and remind the rulers of this slave state that, if they choose barbarism, the resources of civilisation will not be at their disposal.

Comments on the Week's News

An Unconditional Summit?

Within the next fortnight, the West must decide whether it wants a Summit on roughly Mr Krushchev's terms, or whether to brave the physical crisis over Berlin which will follow if the Summit idea is scrapped. Any hope that the Foreign Ministers will make the 'meaningful' progress which the US originally laid down as a precondition of Summit talks must now be abandoned. Mr Krushchev may be willing to bargain at the Summit; but he seems determined not to concede the West's right to remain in Berlin at any lower level. When, therefore, the conference re-assembles, it will either confine itself to drafting the Summit agenda or adjourn indefinitely. We have no hesitation in urging the first course, even though the risks of an unsuccessful Summit are serious. The British government evidently shares this view, and Mr Macmillan is already planning a series of meetings to convince President Eisenhower, General de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer that an unconditional Summit is the lesser of two evils. The Chancellor is perhaps beyond persuasion, but the growing weakness of his position in West Germany makes his opposition less decisive. De Gaulle and Eisenhower have not yet made up their minds. They may well agree, however, that the risks of a Summit would be diminished if the splits in the ranks of the West, which proved sources of weakness at Geneva, could be healed. The most serious of them is France's dispute with Nato. Last week-end, fortunately, the French themselves provided a way out of this difficulty, by letting it be known that they would allow the stationing of US-controlled stockpiles on their territory provided the US agrees to consult France before using nuclear bombs in any theatre. This is an inherently reasonable demand, and if accepted could provide a valuable safeguard against US brinkmanship in the Far East. Britain, too, should possess this right in form, as she already possesses it in practice. Mr Macmillan can well point out to Washington that, in the difficult months which face us, the alliance is more likely to exhibit the blend of firmness and flexibility it needs if its senior members share the responsibilities.

Sixes and Sevens

Mr Maudling can feel pleased with the progress made by the 'Outer Seven' – or the little free trade area. He has brought the Scandinavians, Austria, Switzerland and Portugal to the point where a treaty may be agreed in principle next month, with the hope that it could be signed and ratified by early next year. There are, it is true, some misgivings in both Denmark and Austria – both of which could be blown out of the scheme by one angry blast from Bonn – but there is no doubt that the bargaining power of the British has been considerably increased. This, in the end, may be more important than the fate of the plan itself. Mr Maudling's intention is to ensure multilateral trading between the Seven and the Six – a line of argument that leads back to the original free trade area. And this, it seems, is also the desire of Erhard and Etzel: they, and the big German industrialists who support them, have no anxiety about their ability to meet British competition. Adenauer, however, seems to speak for the smaller business interests, who are much more inclined – as are the weaker French industrialists – to favour the cosy arrangements of the Common Market. The stronger the Seven appear to be, the more Erhard and Etzel can argue that it is better to make a deal than to fight. If Adenauer manages to defeat them, it is probable that the next step will be the threat of German reprisals if Denmark and Austria sign up with the Seven. If, on the other hand, they manage to hold on to office, then the Seven will survive – though perhaps as a halfway house towards the Thirteen.

The Dalai's Demarche

When the Dalai Lama left his country three months ago, the Chinese attitude to him was ambivalent. First the Chinese tried to prevent his escape. Then, once he had slipped through their net, they were notably restrained in their comments about him – even, at one stage, making the ludicrous assertion that his statements on arrival in India were made under pressure from the Indian government. How far that sort of propaganda may have been temporarily believed in Tibet cannot be known: what is certain is that the Chinese attached sufficient importance to the charismatic virtue of the Dalai's person and office that they seemed still to hope that he could be persuaded to return to Lhasa. At his press conference last week-end, the Dalai Lama gave a final blow to any such suggestion: with dignity and unambiguous clarity he described the nature of Chinese rule in Tibet. The 'agreement' of 1951 was signed by him under duress – and sealed with a forged seal, claims the Dalai; he was compelled to dismiss his prime ministers under the threat of their execution without trial; 65,000 Tibetans have been killed by the Chinese and thousands more sent to forced labour or deported to China; four million Chinese have already been settled in Tibet, and the immigration of a further five million is planned. Finally, and most strikingly, the Dalai confirmed the view that he had worked for reforms in the 'social, economic and political systems' of Tibet, and that he particularly wanted radical changes in the system of land tenure – but that the Chinese had put every obstacle in the way of such reforms. It is impossible to know just how detailed the Dalai Lama's knowledge can be of what has happened since he left Tibet, but, clearly, his charges are broadly true. The manner of their delivery makes it clear that they are intended for circulation inside his country even more than outside. It would thus be pointless for the Dalai to make claims which, inside Tibet, appear demonstrably false. Paying tribute to Nehru's hospitality, he is yet so aware of the international danger of his presence as a centre of Tibetan resistance in India that he is proposing to seek some other home. The best that can be hoped for is that the Dalai Lama's forthright refusal to hold his peace may make Peking think twice about their ruthless methods.

The Printing Dispute

At the end of last week all general, book and periodical printing firms closed down with the exception of those which have accepted the conditions laid down by the printing trade unions. A week before the stoppage began, our usual printers informed us that they could not produce our issue of 20 June, although their employees were still at work and would not be withdrawn until after that issue was due to be printed. In these circumstances, because the NEW STATESMAN is not a party to the dispute, an emergency edition was produced at a printing house in Germany under trade union conditions, and it was cleared for distribution with the appropriate trade unions in this country. The NEW STATESMAN is now being produced in England by a printing house which is not in dispute with the unions and is on their approved list.

Defeat for Strauss

There are only seven precedents for the refusal last Friday of the US Senate, by a vote of 49 to 46, to endorse Lewis Strauss, the presidential nominee, as Secretary of Commerce. This vote came as the climax to a bitter wrangle which has lasted five months, in which the critics of Mr Strauss, led by Senator Anderson, have raked over his record as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Senator Anderson's hostility stems from his experience as chairman of the joint congressional committee on atomic energy: he had a running feud with Strauss on a number of issues, the most important of which was the reluctance of the AEC to keep the congressional committee 'fully and currently informed' on nuclear policy. There is no doubt that Senator Anderson is primarily responsible for mobilising Senate opinion against Mr Strauss, but it would not have been possible for him to do this if Strauss had not made a large number of enemies – some of whom merely dislike him personally and others who regard him as a spokesman for the most reactionary circles of business and the Pentagon. It was Strauss who ran the campaign against Robert Oppenheimer, and who played the largest part in the US decision to make the H-bomb. It was Strauss who effectively ran the 'bomb lobby', putting up one technical argument after another against suspension of nuclear tests and against a test agreement with the USSR. It was Strauss who decided that the AEC should confine its functions to research and design, leaving the profitable construction of reactors for commercial power to private corporations. And he was the central figure in the Dixon-Yates controversy, in which the AEC awarded a contract – later cancelled – to a private electricity company to build a power station in the public-power territory of the TVA. This record made him a natural target for Democratic hostility to the 'big business' element in the Eisenhower administration: his arrogance, and his evasions under Senatorial questioning made matters worse.

Face Value

Companies must nowadays expect to pay through the nose for the privilege of getting rid of their redundant working directors: compensation payments for loss of office are becoming larger and more common. A case crops up occasionally – Hoover's £83,000 to Sir Charles Colston, Hawker's £75,000 to Sir Frank Springgs – which is striking enough to make the headlines and stir public interest. The latest of these concerns Lt.-Colonel Kingsmill, the chairman of Taylor Walker and a number of associated companies, who will lose his old job if the merger with Inde Coope goes through and will instead be invited to become joint deputy chairman of

the new group; shareholders are to be asked to vote him £60,000 for loss of office, a sum which he regards as 'not excessive' in view of the fact that he will be losing 12 years of the pension rights which his old job carried. Investors involved in take-over bids often grumble that the directors are always the only people to do well out of the business. In this case, with no revised property figures given to justify the merger terms, they can quite justifiably claim that the loss of the chairman is their only asset to have been given an up-to-date valuation. It is worth making the point that these compensation payments are at present tax-free, provided that the director has had the sense – and directors are alive to matters of this kind – to provide himself with a service agreement; from the redundant director's point of view, therefore, it is not difficult to see how such payments have become popular. Nor is industry's point of view really so difficult to follow. When a director has laboriously been squeezed out from within, it is only decent to soothe his ruffled feelings with a sweetener from somebody else's pocket.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Seaway Sickness

IT is to be hoped that the sensational opening by Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower has given the St Lawrence Seaway a dramatic lift that so far has been lacking. In two months of unofficial life the most promising project of its kind since the Panama Canal has produced more irritation than celebration, and time estimates for the development of the nation's promised 'fourth coast' are being sharply revised.

The Seaway got off to a bad start when ice in the Great Lakes failed to thaw on schedule. The delay left more than a hundred ships waiting above Montreal and underscored the weakness of a waterway that can be used only seven months of the year. When traffic finally began to move, on 25 April, bottlenecks occurred for a variety of reasons. Pilots were in short supply. Skippers found the course through the canals slow and tricky, with high winds, narrow clearance, and no wooden buffers to come between the steel plate of the vessels and the concrete of the locks. A number of ships were dented, and one had to have a two-foot section cut off on either side of the bridge in order to get through. With operating costs roughly $2,000 a day, shippers fretted about delays that ran up to three days at the Welland Canal, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. And when vessels finally managed to negotiate the full course, it often turned out that their ports of call had neither the docking facilities to berth them nor the personnel to handle their cargo. Several of the harbours, moreover, proved too shallow to accommodate fully-loaded ocean vessels. After a quarter of a century of fighting for the Seaway, most of the lake ports, it seemed, were wholly unprepared when the ships at last came through.

Much of the confusion and bungling can no doubt be put down to inexperience, and some of the difficulties will in time be removed. But just as clearly there are large and weighty problems to be solved before the Seaway will really give the United States a northern coast and Canada a southern. Not the least of them is what to do about the Welland Canal. That vital link is wholly on Canadian soil and built with Canadian funds. If it is to be enlarged, who will pay the bill? The Seaway itself was fought bitterly for decades by rail and Atlantic port interests, and the Administration would probably not have settled the issue yet if the Canadians had not threatened to build the waterway themselves. Any scheme to put American funds into the Welland project would certainly draw the most strenuous opposition, yet without it the Seaway will always be limited. What is worse, the schedule of tolls, intended to amortize the total cost, will tend to favour high-revenue cargoes rather than the bulky iron ore which the Middle West wants to import from Labrador for its steel mills. If the Canadians do the jobs themselves, the economic life of the Middle West will be increasingly dependent on the transportation system of a foreign state – uniquely friendly, perhaps, but foreign just the same.

A kind of vicious circle appears to have developed which can only be broken by the kind of vision that opened up the country in the last century. The Lake ports – Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland and Milwaukee – are prudently postponing costly investment in facilities for handling huge volumes of freight until they see what traffic they can expect. But unless they provide the necessary facilities, the traffic is likely to remain modest, if not disappointing. There is no reason to doubt that with the bulk of the country's factories, farms and mines at its back, Chicago could before the greatest port of the United States. As such it would attract the lion's share of commerce, financial control, and corporate management, not to mention the cultural supremacy that usually settles in such seats of power. If the potentialities of the St Lawrence are ever used to their fullest, the once provincial city of Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* can easily become the cosmopolitan centre of the country; but after an initial jolt New York has understandably settled back to a bland unconcern.

ROBERT BENDINER

Cape Town

The White Terror Returns

In recent weeks this city has witnessed the recrudescence of unofficial political terrorism practised by whites upon whites, a technique which seemed to be falling into disuse since the Nationalists came into power. During the war years, when they and other anti-semites and pro-Nazis were in opposition, terror was, of course, widely threatened and frequently employed. But since the Nationalists officially entrenched themselves it has only been privately used twice – first to hound Solly Sachs, the leader of the garment workers, at the beginning of the decade; and two years ago to gut the Cape Town offices of the Congress-line weekly *New Age*.

In April of this year, however, two further offices in Cape Town were broken into and systematically smashed. The one served both the Cape branch of the African National Congress and the African Food and Canning Workers' Union, the other the Cape branch of an officially non-political group of white women who, in demonstrating for political morality, in practice oppose the Nationalists. In both offices extensive damage was done, and the signature of the Ku Klux Klan smeared in duplicating ink on the walls. As the police have so far failed to make arrests in both cases, it is not known whether they have any connection with the visit to South Africa, in January of this year, of Sir Oswald Mosley – which has been followed by the distribution of white supremacy literature similar to that available in Notting Hill.

At about the time that the Cape Town offices were wrecked, Mr Ronald Segal, the editor of the quarterly *Africa South*, began to receive regular telephone calls threatening both him and his property unless he left Cape Town. His movements were efficiently observed and it became clear that the callers were in earnest. Nevertheless a local magistrate refused him a firearm licence and the police thought it unnecessary to provide him with protection. Three weeks ago his motor car was set on fire in a public street in a sedate residential area. Threatening telephone calls are now being received by several other people.

Here, too, the police have failed to make an arrest, but last weekend they *did* succeed in arresting Mr Segal. It is alleged that he entered an African 'location' or township without a permit. There he was reportedly distributing lists of products which the ANC is asking its sympathisers here and abroad to boycott, on the grounds that their manufacturers are believed to discriminate against Africans or to be pro-Nationalist. The government is worried about this boycott, which is due to start on 26 June. Mr Segal was grilled by the political police and forced to surrender his passport. It is alleged that he had in his possession an unlicensed firearm.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Westminster

Bombshell on the Bomb

The bombshell on The Bomb which the National Union of General and Municipal Workers dropped rather casually into the Labour movement has startled the parliamentary party from its midsummer torpor. The comings and goings remind one of earlier days, with sub-committees deadlocked in tight-lipped secrecy, party meetings crowded five minutes before they are due to begin, conciliators buttonholing each other in corridors and guarded, if not actually black, looks passing between the seeming irreconcilables.

Clearly the situation is awkward; for what Sir Tom Williamson's members did three weeks ago, Mr Frank Cousins's members may well do, unless preventive action is taken quickly, when the Transport and General holds its conference early in July. If that were to happen, the Labour party conference at Blackpool might well reverse its policy on nuclear disarmament, Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan might have to resign, and the party, faced on the eve of a general election with new policies *and* new leaders, would surely plunge to defeat. Not even the most devoted unilateral disarmer views this prospect with pleasure.

As it happened, even before the General and Municipal decision, a meeting had been arranged between the National Executive of the Labour Party and the TUC to discuss possible amendments to the joint statement on nuclear arms policy. But the decision gave this meeting a new urgency and, in preparation, the International

Sub-committee of the National Executive met twice in four days, Gaitskell clearly wanted to ensure that the representatives of the party would speak with one voice when they met the representatives of the TUC and especially when they met Cousins; and, if possible, he wanted them to take a 'strong' line. For instance, he tried to persuade Bevan that Labour should promise to 'suspend' tests rather than 'stop' them. But it seems that Bevan could not agree. Further, other members of the sub-committee wanted to keep the position open and meet the TUC for a genuine discussion, instead of arriving at the meeting already committed.

Meanwhile, various kites were being flown outside the committee room. Some 80 backbenchers, led by Mr John Rankin and Mr Malcolm Macmillan, put down a motion opposing the transfer of Nato nuclear forces, rejected by France, to this country. Gaitskell immediately requested these members to take their names off the motion and several of them did. Another kite, much more favourably viewed by the leadership, was flown by Mr John Strachey, who resurrected an idea, put forward at last year's Scarborough conference and not wholly rejected by Gaitskell, that Britain should join a non-nuclear club, provided that other nations, except Russia and the United States, would join too. This kite seemed to bear official markings but unhappily for the leadership it did not rise. Members with varied opinions united in describing it as a piece of hypocrisy – because France clearly would not join, so any government proposing such a club would know from the beginning that it would commit itself to nothing.

So the situation remained as before, with the sub-committee working away behind closed doors and the parliamentary party becoming increasingly restive (particularly when it learned that, according to the timetable then proposed, it would not be consulted until after the National Executive-TUC decision had been taken). Rather than wait to be presented with a *fait-accompli*, some members devised and flew kites of their own. One was Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn whose youthfully eager face was to be seen pressed against the ears of the influential. His suggestion was that a Labour government should at once announce that it would unilaterally submit to United Nations inspection. Another suggestion came from Mr Harold Davies, who tossed back his long grey hair, revealed a face even rosier than before and suggested that a Labour government should announce, unilaterally, a two-year moratorium on both tests and manufacture of the bomb and should use the interval in efforts to persuade other nations to follow suit and to work out an efficient system of inspection.

Both these ideas were reasonably well received by the centre and left in the rank and file. The convinced nuclear disarmer saw both of them as substantial improvements on existing party policy; and, though they still fell short of what he himself wanted, he would, in an election year, be ready to make compromises for the sake of party unity. Others, hard-headed politicians, saw in the proposals something which could be acceptable to Frank Cousins who also, in an election year, must be anxious to avoid capsizing the boat. But there were no immediate signs that the pro-bomb section of the party, including the leadership, was prepared to compromise, and the outcome, at the moment of writing, remains obscure. But it seems that the non-nuclear club kite has been redesigned and that Frank Cousins will be one of those holding the string when it takes the air.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

White, Black, and Read All Over

Many members of Conservative Cabinets are reported to suffer from a recurring nightmare. They dream that they wake up one morning and find every newspaper against them – except the *Daily Express*. This experience happened to the Colonial Secretary last week. To a more sensitive man it might have been a moment of truth. Whether Mr Lennox Boyd is capable of recognising such a moment when he meets it is a matter of opinion, but even he can hardly avoid recognising that there have been few occasions, even in the lifetime of this government, when there has been such general agreement that a Minister fell below what was required of him as there was in the comment on the Hola debate. There was scarcely any attempt to conceal this even in those newspapers commonly most determined to do their best by the government.

The *Daily Mail* tried to do what it could for the Colonial Secretary in its leader by claiming, contrary to its own parliamentary report which opened with the words 'Almost the entire opposition was shouting "Resign" when Mr Lennox Boyd replied in the Commons yesterday', that he had 'succeeded in damping down the fires'. But it did not conceal its view that, in assessing responsibility for the Hola murders, 'the trail winds back to London, to the Colonial Secretary', and that 'it is evident he was either misinformed or not sufficiently informed'. It went on to make the sweeping suggestion that one moral of these events was that the department over which Mr Lennox Boyd presides should be abolished as 'not adequate to its present-day tasks' and merged with the Commonwealth Relations Office into a new Commonwealth Office under a Cabinet minister with three ministers of state in charge of separate areas. 'A minister for Africa', it commented pointedly, 'is a crying need. With one man responsible we might get a coherent policy for that continent'.

The *Daily Telegraph's* view was that, in moving the vote of censure, Sir Frank Soskice 'did not pull his punches'. But, it added forthrightly, 'they were mostly fair punches', and went on to say that although the opposition might have made the debate 'more of a human and less of a political occasion . . . it must be recalled that they had been irritated by the delay in getting from the Colonial Office courteous and factual answers to legitimate questions'. As for Mr Lennox Boyd himself, it commented that although he was justified in trying to get the Hola tragedy 'into perspective', the 'length of time he took made his condemnation of the incidents sound per-

'I'll give it up if you'll give it up . . . etc., etc. . . .'

functory and his defence of the Kenya government and officials less convincing than it might have been'.

The Times, whose political correspondent reported 'there is no doubt the debate did not succeed in removing a sense of uneasiness in some Conservative quarters', also took the view that the government had failed to meet the opposition's charges. Sir Frank Soskice, its leading article declared, had 'delivered a vigorous and penetrating attack on a narrow front', which Mr Lennox Boyd made little attempt to meet directly. Its judgment was that the opposition 'made their point that the whole of the blame cannot be visited on the two officers at Hola'. It considered that the promise to proceed against others than the two prison officers if the disciplinary inquiries showed it to be necessary, did not go nearly far enough, adding 'the Kenya Minister of Defence seems on the face of it to have been at the apex of all this inefficiency and lack of method'. And it concluded that if the government cannot establish on which individuals the major responsibility lies, 'then they ought to hold an inquiry as the opposition have contended'.

Others expressed the same view in more downright terms. Mr Lennox-Boyd, said the *Herald*, has discredited himself. 'Now' [by refusing an inquiry] 'he discredits British justice'. And the *Mirror* declared: 'The only way to uphold British justice throughout Africa is by immediately appointing an independent commission of inquiry. If Mr Lennox-Boyd remains blind to that there is only one thing left for him to do. RESIGN'.

But there is, of course as was pointed out earlier, always the *Daily Express* – the paper that, as it remarks at the top of its leader column, 'speaks from the heart' – or at any rate Lord Beaverbrook's heart. No criticism of Mr Lennox-Boyd in its columns. Or even of the Kenya government. Empire men must stand together. No doubt the Hola camp 'incident' was 'a wretched affair'. But what is a blot or two on 'a large and glittering achievement?'. Mr Lennox-Boyd, proclaimed the *Express*, 'is right to take pride in the achievement. Right to claim that in Kenya a mighty work for good has been accomplished'.

No doubt it would hold the same to be true of the South African government also. At any rate, alone among newspapers the *Express* succeeded in reporting the Durban riots as if they have nothing to do with racial discrimination. In a long and sensational story it managed to avoid mentioning either the social or economic significance of the official ban on the home brewing of beer by Africans or the fact that, as the *Daily Telegraph* and others pointed out, the demolition of the shanty town on the orders of the South African government would leave thousands of Africans temporarily homeless. For *Express* readers there was a much simpler, more melodramatic and 'satisfactory' explanation of the whole affair. Across eight columns they were told 'The *Express* pictures stark violence as bullets and bombs crash in a flare up caused by women and drink: 'WHITE – LIGHTNING RIOT: Zulus On The Move'. 'Terror grips the proud city of Durban today', shouted the opening paragraph of the actual report. 'Five thousand screaming Zulu women and a host of men are rioting over beer and White Lightning, another forbidden drink'. The details were both gory and satisfying to white egos. 'A few shots of White Lightning', it was explained, 'make a man reckless. A few more turn him into a near maniac'. Understandably so it would seem, for the *Express* was able to reveal – exclusively, too – that 'Police raiding the vats – often dustbins hidden in gardens and back alleys – have found chunks of animal and human flesh mixed in with potato peelings and decayed fruit to give the drink power'. After which *Express* readers can hardly have been surprised to read in its leader column the following day that the trouble had nothing to do with 'colour feeling' but was just one of those 'whisky rebellions' due to the 'destruction of illicit stills'. They had no need to worry. The heart of the Empire is sound – like that of the *Express*.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Help! Help!

THE Gulbenkian Foundation report on *Help for the Arts* is a document of the kind usually called statesmanlike. That is to say, it explores avenues, advises against extremes, and expresses admirable sentiments in language of the utmost calm. There was not very much else it could do, for the history of our country during the last half-century shows that anybody who suggests spending any money on the arts is likely to get a stern rebuff. It is perfectly true that the Foundation is moved by a most generous impulse. All the same, by offering a survey of the ways in which the arts may be helped, it is likely to implicate others – including ratepayers, whose dislike of the arts is notorious – and so it must expect to receive a somewhat chilly welcome from those who will fear that something at last may actually happen.

Yet the truth of the matter is that the average citizen is far from being the boorish analphabetic whom his masters suppose him to be. The report quite rightly stresses the amount of goodwill for the arts which exists in the provinces, and it proposes that a closer co-operation between one area and another might lead to, say, the creation of a network of first-class artistic activities organized between the 12 largest cities in the country. It also points out how little is done by the universities; and here perhaps it touches by implication on the core of our problem.

Granted that comparisons between what happens in this country and on the Continent are generally unfair: we have not, as in Germany, only lately emerged from a world of small princelings vying with one another for prestige and using the arts to that end. We have not, therefore, the variety of local centres which has created German opera. We have not made it our pleasure to please, like the French and the Italians – and anyway we have lost the association of art with pleasing. All the same we have a great many people, widely scattered all over the country, who are actively interested in one or more of the arts. What is needed is to bring these people into contact with one another and to help them overcome the cheese-paring inertia which afflicts those who actually disburse the money. This is one of the ways in which a university could make its civilising influence felt, and in a country where precedents are all-important it may be worth pointing out how fruitful has been that imaginative gesture which prompted King's College Cambridge to give a home to Mr E. M. Forster.

The arts are not likely to be given much of a chance in this country until people are taught both to look and to listen. It is very little good helping museums, promoting symphony concerts and financing experimental drama until a framework has been created into which such activities fit. One of the first things, then, to which the Gulbenkian money might be given is the Anti-Ugly movement: a salutary protest against the appalling dullness of the architecture which afflicts our streets. Nothing is more depressing than to contrast any building development in this country with something similar in Madrid, Milan, Dusseldorf or Rotterdam. It is not that works of genius are going up all over Europe, but at least the general level of competence is constantly being lifted by something exceptional in its kind. Luckily people travel more and more. They will find in other countries a far more sensible emphasis laid on the social aspects of building. And so in time we may have, not one Coventry, but a general realisation that living and working and taking pleasure in the arts are activities which fit into a single pattern, not separate activities carried on in closed compartments.

More use can also be made of the inborn snobbishness of the British. If they can be made to feel that the arts carry with them prestige the money will follow. Individual organisations already rise to the occasion – as, for example, when Whitbread's Breweries give an ample present to the Old Vic. But the ordinary business-man probably never thinks of the arts at all. He does not stop to consider the possible effect of a concerted effort to enliven his premises, and if he builds at all he is probably content to leave the whole matter in the hands of a contractor, without so much as remembering the existence of architect, painter or sculptor.

The effect of such an attitude throughout the only section of the community which is in a position to exercise large-scale private patronage is to expel the arts further and further away from ordinary life. They are dismissed as the whimsical diversions of a few eccentrics, whereas – and the Gulbenkian report insists on this – in the age of technology 'art alone can brings facts to life and make them real in our imagination.' Again, the universities might play a far more important part here than they do. For it is essential to sustain the interest of the young, and to help them find the channels which will go on developing that interest throughout life.

Somewhere in all this the government has its own responsibilities. In the last resort it generally does something – if too little and too late. The tergiversations over a national theatre are a case in point. Decree it. Earmark the money. Delay it. Regret it. Promise it all the same. Set against the background of such mental processes, it is hardly surprising that a national theatre in the end costs four times what was anticipated, and comes into existence with the minimum of good will. The Gulbenkian report, since it covers the whole ground of help for the arts, refers to such matters, just as it refers to the needs of the national museums, but it does so only *pour encourager les autres*. Indeed, one of its most useful aspects is that it helps to draw a clear line of demarcation between what can be done out of public funds and what out of private charity.

The conclusion of the report maintains that, in spite of these handicaps, artists of the highest quality somehow manage to survive; and it is probably true that to change the present indigence of the arts to sudden prosperity would only produce a new set of problems. There are neither enough first-rate artists nor responsive spectators and audiences to go round. The remedy, then, must be patiently to build up a more civilised community. And if the report has done something to shake the listlessness of the universities in this respect it will have justified itself on that score alone.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

London Diary

No wonder Dr Gerstenmaier, president of the Bundestag, has declared that Adenauer's behaviour is irreparably damaging German democracy – a tender plant at the best of times. Some rough analogy has been made with the retirement of Gladstone at the age of 83. He, too, had once retired and then changed his mind. If, in 1893, the capricious old man had refused finally to retire and had declared the alternative leaders of his party incompetent for office, Roseberry and Harcourt would have resigned. He would have been compelled to go. But, in Germany, as one thoughtful German put it to me, the trouble is that even the most experienced and competent of politicians still seem ready to take orders from their superiors. Professor Erhard has protested against Adenauer's insults, and has been supported by the whole German press, left and right wing; Adenauer's 'outrageous' behaviour is generally denounced. If Erhard had really stood up to the obstinate old man, the country would have backed him, and even if Erhard had not won immediately he would have proved himself the man of the future – and the near future at that. As it is, even with his party and, indeed, almost the whole country in open revolt against him, Adenauer has apparently only to boast that he is thick-skinned and get away with it.

* * *

In Berlin the other day I found myself comparing both East and West with the pre-Hitler Berlin I first knew in 1931. It was all very different in that very odd, Isherwood period. Unemployment had so increased the number of prostitutes that one took the salute six deep all down the Frederikstrasse. The shop windows were stacked with sex and particularly sadistic literature. There were Lesbian and exclusively male night clubs. I remember my embarrassment (since I am not made that way) in being taken to a bar where a man in a pink jersey leant over the counter and tried to kiss me. I asked the other day whether such clubs still existed, and was told that in much more decorous form they are still to be found. Then I was taken to an odd sort of dance hall. At each table there was a telephone and a pneumatic post box with small pieces of paper provided for written answers. A boy from one side of the hall would ring a girl on the other to suggest that they dance, and she would reply by phone or letter. This sounded a dubious procedure until I noticed that the couples actually danced the most staid of old-fashioned two-steps and seemed always to return to their own places afterwards. Moreover, I learnt that the written messages they sent to each other all went through a central clearing office where they were censored by a highly respectable management.

* * *

I find that in 1935 when the future leadership of the Labour Party was in dispute, I backed Herbert Morrison as against Attlee or Greenwood. I think I was wrong. Attlee proved a remarkably competent and effective Prime Minister from 1945–50. I was at that time extremely critical of Herbert's policy of steam-rollering left wing groups in the party, but nevertheless thought him likely to be the best leader. He showed remarkable ability in organising the LCC and running it his own way by making his supporters feel that they were really having a fair say. His successors in the LCC maintained the machine policy without the same skill in making the whole thing seem exciting, jolly and democratic. Attlee is right in saying that he has always been a great parliamentarian; he was also, in my view, an excellent war-time Home Secretary. He did not get on well with Attlee who always suspected him of intriguing. He made a grievous mistake in accepting the job of Foreign Secretary which was quite outside his sphere of knowledge. His worst fault, to my mind, was his short term view as a vote-catcher. He has always suffered from the delusion that to placate some group of middle-class voters before the next election was more important than the education and encouragement of younger men who, as they become serious Socialists, would in the long run prove reliable leaders of the movement. Very few politicians have done as much for the Labour movement as have R. H. Tawney or G. D. H. Cole. Again, I don't think Morrison has ever understood, for instance, the enormous importance that H. N. Brailsford's *New Leader* had in creating Socialists in the Twenties. The foundation of the victory of 1945 was laid by men whom the Labour politicians never appreciated or understood.

* * *

An interesting development in the Nuclear Campaign is the move to hold a referendum among the members of the Clerical and Administrative Workers Union. This union voted down a motion on this subject at its conference in 1958, but under its rules a question can be referred to the entire membership if a requisition is signed by one-tenth of the members. This, I understand, means that the group which is trying to promote the referendum must obtain something over 5,000 signatures. I note that the sponsors include two of the union's MPs – Arthur Blenkinsop and Victor Yates – and others who are well-known to the rank and file. They have had a good idea, but they have set themselves a formidable task. I understand that members of the union can obtain requisition forms from Sheila Samways, at 27 Park Head, South Harrow, Middlesex.

* * *

Danny Kaye once remarked about cricket that 'you have to see it before you can believe that it isn't true'. I feel much the same about Southern demagogues like Earl Long, whose career came to a dramatic climax last week. The scene in which he was dragged screaming from the microphone is just like a passage from such a novel as Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* – a novel based on the life of Earl Long's murdered brother Huey. A colleague who visited Earl Long a few years ago still recalls the strange whirlygig of Lousiana politics – informal, violent, corrupt, like a parody, he says, of the Assembly of Fredonia which, in *Duck Soup*, made Groucho Marx its president. On the floor of the senate, visitors, lobbyists and senators milled around chatting, smoking and buying soft-drinks from hawkers who strolled round selling bottled pop. A small boy perched on the arm of the Speaker's chair; newspaper men tapped out stories on portable typewriters perched on the Clerk's table; and one of Long's henchmen simply read out the titles of bills over a microphone. Whenever there was a vote, one of Long's henchmen walked down the aisles pressing electric voting buttons of any senators who were absent. The score was recorded on a large electric sign at the end of the room, and a replica registered each vote in the governor's office. Inside, where Earl Long was playing poker with his cronies, my friend was treated to a long harangue, the short point of which was that the Attlee government had stolen almost all its ideas from Huey Long. The remainder? 'Well', said Earl Long modestly, 'I guess they stole those from me'.

Are the British police the best in the world? This is what I was brought up to believe and, as far as my own limited experience goes, it may well be true. I have always found them both courteous and reasonable. But there is much to disturb one today. There has been more than one case lately in which the magistrates have said that the police were lying; their behaviour was described in one case as also shifty and inefficient. One woman I know who had jewellery and other valuables stolen declares that the police made no effort to regain the objects, though she herself retrieved one or two of these from fences. She was informed that they would have helped her if she had bribed them. I doubt if this is true; the point is that the charge could be believed. Where I am more troubled is in their relation to racial and Fascist propaganda. One of the most experienced of Fleet Street journalists told me the other day that in the region of Portobello Road, he saw coloured and white people mixing in a friendly way in the shops; coloured people were also standing silently listening while an adolescent Fascist speaker insulted them. My friend complained that the police stood and did not interfere. 'But', I asked him, 'was the speaker breaking the law by preaching to others?' 'In my view', he said, 'he was. He did not merely in the most offensive terms tell his coloured listeners to get out of England where some of them had lived longer than he had lived anywhere, but he also pointed his finger at particular coloured men in the audience and said "Get out of here – and that means you!" Does not that amount to incitement to violence?'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The other week-end my husband decided to take all the family into the country to celebrate a new car.

We found a lovely peaceful place to stop for the afternoon where the children could really let themselves go. One of our four daughters is very musical and she treated us to a lovely bit of rock 'n' roll on her portable radio.

We were minding our own business when the owner of a house nearby came over and complained that we were making a noise, and pointed out some small bits of orange peel and paper which we had accidentally dropped, and called us litter louts.

I was afraid Dad would lose his patience, so we persuaded him to take us back home. Our day had been spoiled anyway!

In these days of restriction is it impossible even to have a day out without being 'got at'? – Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (L. Burman.)

I am very much in love with my boy friend, and could not bear to live without him. We have been engaged for five years, but just lately I have begun to wonder if he still loves me.

We were to have been married in May this year, but now my fiancé wants to postpone it because there is a sports fixture arranged for the day we have chosen, which he says he cannot possibly miss.

Should I break off the engagement, or do you think this is just a passing phase? – Letter in *Woman's Weekly*. (John Walker.)

'The amount of promiscuity that goes on in Altrincham is alarming' he said, telling how some time ago he had cut down a tree outside the vicarage because courting couples had been taking advantage of its shade and had been making a nuisance of themselves there . . . 'It shocked me'. – *Altrincham County Express*. (T. W. Freeman.)

Every morning for more than 30 years my wife has warmed my bowler hat over the gas ring before I set out for business. – Letter in *Star*. (R. J. Power.)

Aspers' Little Shindig

ABOUT 5.30 on Tuesday last week, Mr Lennox-Boyd was painfully dragging to its shameful close his defence of the men responsible for the Hola disaster. The shouts of the opposition were growing weary: there is a point beyond which it is useless to appeal to the self-respect and integrity of a man who, unlike Sir Thomas Dugdale, does not know when it is his duty to depart. Eleven men, in British custody, had been clubbed to death. Two junior officials would carry the can. Their superiors were to be congratulated and one of them was to get a medal 'for important services to the Empire'. That was all the Minister had to say. He would not resign, and there were 314 Tory zombies behind him to endorse his dishonour. So passed one of the most dramatic moments in the history of British colonial rule.

At almost precisely the same time, a hundred miles from Westminster, the Queen was watching her three-year-old 'Above Suspicion' win the 5.30 St James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. 'The Queen, her face weary with tension', wrote the *Daily Express*, 'leaned against the back of the Royal Box swinging her binoculars to and fro.' As the race began, she 'moved forward swiftly, her binoculars to her eyes'. When the horse passed the winning-post, a woman in the Enclosure 'tossed her flowered, mushroom-like hat high in the air. . . . The shouts and the clapping continued lustily as the Queen, all tension gone from her face, walked down to the winner's enclosure'. Afterwards, a game of polo for Prince Philip, and a cocktail party for 500 on the lawn. Just before midnight, Princess Margaret drove off to Cliveden, for a dance at the Astors, where the band played 'Thank Heaven for Little Girls'.

The society in which we live provides other poignant contrasts. The day before, 120 workers at Standards had been summarily dismissed for the sheer impudence of demanding more than £20 a week – the present-day equivalent of £8 pre-war. They were skilled workers, doing a job on which, it seems, the entire success or failure of the firm's new model depends. Yet Mr Alick Dick, the managing director, did not hesitate to jeopardise the prosperity of the company – and the livelihoods of 4,000 men or more – to prove his point that there was a financial ceiling beyond which ordinary workers would not be permitted to rise. They would be getting, he expostulated, his class hackles rising, *between* 40 *and* 50 *pounds a week!* The sheer enormity of this presumption appeared to overwhelm him: should ruin ensue, their demand must be resisted. Mr. Dick, in fact, was bringing up to date, in the tone of a 20th century British industrialist, the famous war-cry of Lord John Manners:

> Let Wealth and commerce, law and learning die,
> But leave us still our old nobility!

The same evening, in Belgrave Square, Mr John Aspinall, described as 'the Mayfair gambler', was entertaining his friends. I remember him as a young man at Oxford, taking a prominent part at nightly gambling sessions at a house in Walton Street. The stakes were high and some very peculiar cheques floated around; also floating around was a young woman, who sat, as I recall, on the knee of whoever was currently winning. Even in those days Aspinall was regarded as a successful plunger. He now holds invitation-only gambling parties, in an ever-changing succession of luxury flats, to escape the rigours of the law, and makes – it is calculated – £50,000 a year, tax-free. Such an occupation entails knowing the best people, and entertaining them royally. Aspinall appears to be very successful at this. Indeed, the competition among the 'old nobility' to attend what they termed 'Aspers' little shindig' was so fierce that five private detectives were hired to keep out the unwelcome. The shindig cost £10,000, working out at £35 a guest. An 18-piece orchestra ('Onassis' favourite band') was flown in from Monte Carlo for the occasion. Before the guests left in the early hours of the morning, Mr Aspinall cut and dealt an outsize pack of cards. On each card was the date of his next gambling party.

Earlier that day – Ascot Eve, or what in liturgical phraseology would be termed the Vigil of Ascot—the government had announced in the House of Commons that National Assistance payments would be increased to 50 shillings a week; and even this modest rise was to be delayed 'for administrative reasons' until September. A society which exalts the gambler and which pays those unable to obtain work 50 shillings a week invites clinical inspection. For this is not merely an arbitrary juxtaposition of news-items; it is a pointer to the fundamental lines of economic inequality which still bisect our society, and which in many respects have become firmer in recent years. 'Never', writes Mr Frederick Ellis, City editor of the *Express*, 'has so much money been made from property as in the decade 1949–59'. He estimates that three men—Messrs Clore, Fraser and Wolfson—have made a net capital gain of £20 million since the war, and that a further £20 million has been made by six others—Jack Cotton, Felix Fenston, Cyril Black, MP, and three members of the Samuel family. These princely sums have been acquired, quite legally, without paying one penny in tax; and they are in addition to the vast incomes—running in some cases to over £100,000, and payable in large part in tax-free expenses—which these men derive from their possessions.

Such men are merely outstanding in their class, and it would be wrong to focus attention exclusively on them. Between 1945–51, Labour did little more than keep the capitalist jungle in check, clearing the undergrowth only in certain limited sectors. Since then, it has inched forward in luxurious profusion, and now harbours a variety of exotic creatures, great and small. There is the businessman, mentioned ten days ago in the House of Commons, who by devious methods managed to avoid tax entirely on an income of over £10,000. There are Mr and Mrs Isaac Hillman, who recently made a tax-free profit of £610,000 in four days. There are the new television millionaires, who in some cases have realised capital gains of £500,000 on an initial investment of £1,000; a round dozen, I am told, now have incomes of over £100,000.

Some of these exotic creatures, like Mr William Johnston Keswick, who coined that immortal phrase, 'It is anti-British and derogatory to sterling, but on balance it makes sense', and who has now been re-appointed to the Court of the Bank of England, are respectable. Others, like Mr Aspinall, are less so. But they all have one thing in common: the benefits they derive bear no relation to what they contribute, nor to the economic well-being of the nation. And their manner of life throws into a fearful perspective the moral criteria of a society which recently jailed a widow for concealing the fact that she had supplemented her dole by taking in sewing.

Disraeli wrote of the Two Nations – the rich and the poor – into which England was divided, and he described a vision in which the two would be re-united through the sense of social and cultural responsibility of the possessing classes. How pathetically comic such a vision seems today! Taking their cue from a monarch who feels it seemly to go racing the day parliament is debating the Hola affair, the Best People of today are concentrating on having fun while the going is good. For them, social responsibilities can be discharged by going to the odd charity dance; cultural responsibilities begin and end with hanging Tachiste paintings in the bathroom and getting Oliver Messel to do the decor for the next shindig. It's no longer fashionable – and no wonder – to denounce the Victorians for their materialism. We can do better than Mr Midas, the old *Punch* caricature, who had never even heard of Pink Champagne, much less poured it over the heads of the waiters. In a world where Socialists and civil servants are trying to grab your money, there's no time to worry about ethics. As the nobleman's daughter remarks in *Paul Slickey:* 'How *can* people believe in God, with taxation at 19s. 6d. in the pound?'

Gamblers, expense-account millionaires, social touts who can fix up a car-salesman's daughter with a 'Season' at £1,000 a nob, Palace spivs, invitation peddlers, heiress-grabbers – it is tempting to regard the whole, squirming social scrum as the last writhings of a lunatic octopus about to be swept into oblivion by time and history. Certainly there are hard-headed men in the East plotting its destruction. But the real danger lies elsewhere: at home. At one time it was believed that the workers possessed a certain inalienable integrity which would gradually pervade society as they secured their political and economic rights. This has not happened. On the contrary, the corruption has spread downwards. Pink Champagne culture is getting a grip on the suburbs and beyond. The day is coming when everyone will want his invitation to Aspers' Little Shindig.

PAUL JOHNSON

Men Like Mathenge

JOSEPH MATHENGE is one of the 34 Africans who was arrested on 6 March at the time of the Kenya government's swoop on Tom Mboya's People's Convention Party. He was in conference with Mr Mboya in his Nairobi office when three police officers walked in and presented a warrant for his arrest.

The news soon came that he was restricted under Section 2A of the Kenya Emergency Regulations 'for the purpose of maintaining public order'. Most of his political colleagues were arrested on the same day and hustled back to their African reserves. A handful of party members remained in their grubby little Nairobi office; its walls plastered with pictures of Dr Nkrumah, Hastings Banda and Tom Mboya. They knew that Joseph and the others would be away as long as the government pleased. It is not surprising that he has not been seen in Nairobi since.

The next time I saw Joseph was at Eldoret. It is a settler town in the white highlands. The buildings have already lost their early-pioneer look and are being replaced by constructions that would not be out of place in Surbiton. Joseph was propping up the wall of the latest symbol of Eldoret's respectability . . . its lawcourt. He looked rather bleary eyed and dishevelled. His open collar was flopping down over the sides of his coat, and a layer of red Kikuyu earth had settled on him. The earth looked as if it was reclaiming a

wayward city dweller and converting him to rusticity.

'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'I thought you were confined to your village'.

'I am', he said, 'but the police have dug me out to give evidence against Omolo.'

'What do they want you to say?'

'They are just trying to prove that the documents found in the PCP offices were in his possession'.

Omolo Agar was the organising secretary of the People's Convention Party. He was being charged for 'possessing notebooks and seditious publications with intent to disseminate them and their contents with seditious intentions'. He is a soft spoken, gentle African, who got his BA at an Indian university and returned to Kenya to 'help the people's struggle' by working in Tom Mboya's party. He edited the party newspaper, which was banned the day after his arrest. Thirty-four other leading members of the party (with the surprising exception of Mr Mboya) were arrested at the same time, but Omolo Agar was the only person with 'seditious' literature in his possession.

As for Joseph Mathenge and the rest of them, they were restricted. There was no need for any specific charge, no need for evidence, no need for a trial. Kenya's Emergency regulations which had first been passed to combat Mau Mau were now quietly being used against a young and non-violent political party. Joseph has had no charge brought against him. He is confined to his village location and not even allowed into his local Kikuyu town of Nyeri without the District Commissioner's permission. He has to report weekly to the local District Officer or chief or to a European policeman. The only way he can get newspapers is to get a friend to bring them from town. He is entirely cut off from any intellectual companionship he had in the city. As a 'restrictee', he has no appeal through law and no machinery by which he can win his freedom. Restriction is at the discretion of the District Commissioner.

'When I first arrived in the reserve', Joseph told me, 'the DC had this to say: "You have been behaving badly and if you do anything silly the government will pounce on you". Then the chiefs called me at the village and said politics were no good and said if I promised not to go back to politics they would give me a nice job'.

'What was your answer to that?'

'I told them it was too late'.

Joseph's life story must be typical of hundreds of other young African nationalists. He is now almost a symbolic part of the pan-African nationalist movement which is sweeping the African colonies. He had been educated and matured in the traditions of the West and has absorbed enough democratic thought and ideals to reach the conclusion that the only way to freedom is by modern political organisation.

A brilliant student, he passed into high school three years before he was old enough for admission. He went to Makerere and read mathematics, worrying his tutors by spending too much time on extra-curricula activities. He became leader of the Students Guild, chairman of the International Relations Committee, and president of the Political Society. Three times he was elected by the students to represent them at various overseas conferences, and three times the Kenya government stopped him going. When he was finally rusticated from Makerere he had jobs with Shell Company, as a teacher and as a research assistant to a Nairobi economist before becoming (at the age of 26) general secretary to Kenya's only well-organised African party.

Joseph was sitting next to me on the bench outside the courtroom. His hand was shaking rather nervously as he smoked and waited to give his evidence.

'Why did they arrest you?' I asked.

'It was not *me* they were after. It was the leaders of the PCP. I did not have a single seditious document on me, and I don't think they have anything to charge me with. It is just that they want to frighten off any more people from joining the party that challenges the government'.

'What happened after your arrest?'

'I was kept in Nairobi prison for about a week. I had two brainwashings, which covered everything from my party's policy to my activities as a delegate to the Accra Conference. They were trying to establish that the Africans in Kenya were trying to link with the Nyasaland Africans in a general uprising. They wanted to know if the PCP had any plans for positive action'.

'What are your views on positive action?'

'Oh, you know, strikes, boycotts and all that kind of thing. The way things are going at present these things may never be necessary'.

I began to wonder what political views the police had such fear of. 'Apart from being an African nationalist what are your political views?'

'Pan-Africanism and, in a world context, Socialism. I worked to prepare the first Pan-African students' conference held at Makerere and I was elected as a Kenya delegate to the Accra Conference'.

'Ever been a Communist?'

'I've read *Das Kapital* and some Communist manifestoes but I have never wanted to be a Communist, not even in my militant student days'.

'What are Kenya's political prospects?'

'Bright. Despite all these mass arrests and this government's stupidity, I am going to carry on holding the same views and carrying on the same activities as I did before, if ever I get out'.

When ex-Mau Mau detainees are released from detention in Hola camp, they become 'restrictees', and the deciding factor in their release is their behaviour. There are no rules for this behaviour. It is entirely up to the District Commissioner to judge when he thinks a man is ready to go home. The DC at Hola is a kindly and humane person who knows many of his restrictees personally, but he told me that one of the behaviour-criteria was the restrictee's keenness to play football with the European staff, or to join the local darts club. He also said that 'politicos' (the others were 'Mau Mau gangsters') were the 'most difficult' restrictees. Over a third of the detainees remaining at Hola were politicos who refused to move from the detention camp which they could do by signing a pledge not to join any political organisation.

There are enough problems concerning these ex-Mau Mau restrictees, but what about men like Joseph Mathenge—the young politically-conscious African who had nothing to do with Mau Mau and whose only crime was to be legally active in politics? Is it too much to expect that the best African leaders should be allowed to play a full part in the future of their country, or are they to be condemned for ever to growing vegetables and being told they have been 'behaving badly'?

ALAN RAKE

At the Bonafide

You can almost hear the Guinness pouring and lapping through the streets of Dublin city, and if you go up to the mountains you can just remark a far-off gurgling and murmuring, something like the sea which lies down below. This, in fact, is the filling and clinking of glasses and the small thunder of hyperbole rising into the clear sweet air.

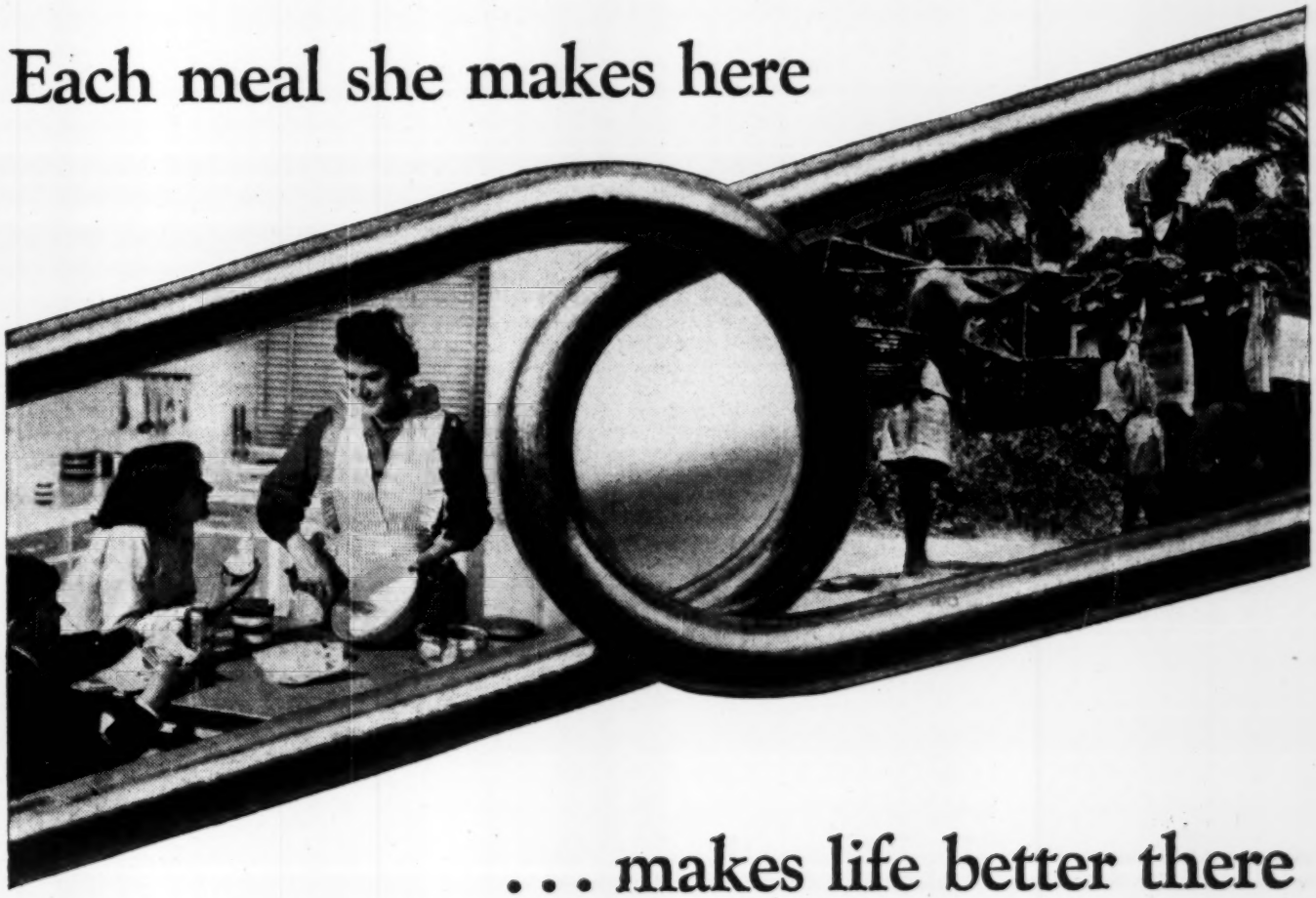
Drink in Ireland, when all is said and done, is a thing of drama, a sort of boxed-in, gaseous poetry which is necessary to the natives of this island, not for the usual Anglo-Saxon reasons of side-stepping the identity, but in order to locate the identity and then inflate it to its maximum size. Many of the minor explosions to be heard, any evening off Grafton Street (to choose one area alone), are due to the fatal over-stretching of various egos, and it is a wise Irishman who rehearses, even if only roughly, his bar performances after the Holy Hour. (The Holy Hour lasts from half-past two to half-past three, when all establishments are closed in Dublin, unless you are talking business to the proprietor, or are trapped by the telephone. The bars open at ten in the morning and close at ten in the evening.)

I am well aware that a minority of Dubliners are, if not total abstainers, more or less abstemious, and that temperate Irishmen run the country with every semblance of efficiency and good-will, but nevertheless the average native has only half his heart in the conduct of his business or office, and bides his time for the *mis-en-scène*, the thrust and parry, of the bar. Here he not only discovers his true centre, but attempts to destroy the inadequately defended centres of his friends and fellow performers. Here in fact is a kind of rough and ready folk-art, shared by all, from the cattle-buyer in Galway to the civil servant from Cork; and it is perhaps for this reason that the artist (that is to say, the man who isolates his ego and trains it for a private performance) is not held in much repute and occupies as dubious a position in the public regard as Englishmen and the national police. For this reason the artist, and particularly the poet, has to arm himself to the teeth in preparation for social encounters and adopt an immediate attitude of attack rather than fall back on the line of defence adopted by his English equivalent, where the public regard for art is one of mere apathy.

After the bars have closed in Dublin, the nightly performance continues in the Bonafides. The Bonafides are roughly outside the city limit and are bars into which legal entry may be made by the traveller. The principal Bonafides are situated in the mountains, and it was in no time at all that I found myself wafted up into this salubrious atmosphere, driven by new friends, who, like myself, wished to replenish their overworked lungs with oxygen. I should explain that this was my first visit to Ireland, and that almost on arrival in Dublin I had been introduced to members of the Irish Tourist Board who had suggested that I should visit the Arran Islands. They had provided me with a first-class return ticket to Galway, letters of introduction and the vague promise of a boat. But Dublin days have a way of dissolving into each other, and the idea of Arran goats, pigs and chickens milling around in front of peat fires, receded further and further away into the distance. For one thing the mountains round Dublin, seen through a slight haze of Guinness, were oddly wild and nostalgic. 'Just as good as Arran' said one of my hosts, pointing out of an inn door.

He was right. There was mist, drizzle, the sea, a haze of Dublin below, a few chickens and even a cow. There were two pictures on the walls, one

Each meal she makes here



. . . makes life better there

In Britain today, margarine has established itself as a staple food which occupies its own place in nearly every housewife's larder. The reason for this nation-wide acceptance is to a large extent qualitative. From a culinary standpoint, experienced cooks recognise margarine as possessing certain unique advantages in baking and pastry-making; and its great popularity as a spread is a significant indication that its flavour is approved and enjoyed. There is also the knowledge, confirmed by responsible medical authority, that valuable nutritional qualities which are an essential part of the family diet are contained in margarine.

But margarine's influence today extends far beyond the domestic scene in Great Britain. Because the industry is one of the largest users of edible oils and oilseeds exported from the Commonwealth each year, its effect upon Commonwealth economy is one of considerable importance. A healthy demand for margarine in Britain has provided the means for Commonwealth countries to buy goods that are essential to maintaining a progressive standard of living. For example, the Nigerian export of oils and oilseeds to Britain in *1958* exceeded half a million tons to the value of more than *£34,000,000*. With this sterling Nigeria was able to import from Britain commodities such as iron and steel for her industries, medicine and drugs for combating disease, vehicles for farming and commerce, and an impressive range of consumer goods.

A flourishing margarine industry, therefore, has resulted in a double benefit. Over here it made its own contribution to the national larder and exerted a favourable influence on British exports; and over there it has helped to provide a lively market for their produce.

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of them coated with so much smoke that nothing was distinguishable, the other depicting about 400 politicians being addressed by Gladstone. With me in the party was a young lady and her daughter, aged six, whose prim English school hat was becoming gradually discoloured and who was drenched with mist, her eyes growing wilder and native Irish dreams flowing out of her mouth. The next day I visited another Bonafide, and the invitation to go there was couched in the form of a challenge. I asked a Dubliner, in whose house I was staying, if he would drive me there, and he shook his head with horror and consternation. 'Not there', he said. I insisted, and eventually, with a great deal of reluctance, he agreed. 'But keep your mouth shut tight,' he said, 'and keep your eyes to yourself. It's pure, bloody murder.'

This particular Bonafide is situated in the port area and is intended as a recreational centre for the visiting sailor, deep-sea fisherman or footloose ships' engineers. It is widely known (although it does not really possess this actual name) as the 'Kind Ladies', a title which it possessed quite far back in Dublin history, when it was presumably administered to by gentle, philanthropic women. Now the words possess a grimly humorous note. The 'Kind Ladies', when I arrived with my host, is a sort of circular saloon with a deep bar and a juke box. Around the walls sit a number of ladies of various ages, giggling discreetly at boisterous jokes, whose eyes cautiously assess the temperature and tensions of the hours to come. The owner is a deceptively short man with a bald head, but if you look closer, you can distinguish steel-like arms and the body of a rock. Many a visitor to the 'Kind Ladies' has been dangerously duped by the size of this man, or has overlooked the signs of almost superhuman strength and the continuous electric anger of his eyes. For, in fact, he is one of the foremost Ju-Jutsu experts of Ireland, if not of Europe, and, with a flick of his hand, can send his man, or men, battered to the floor. His barman, too, is an ex-prize fighter and is by no means to be ignored.

No sooner had my host and I arrived at the 'Kind Ladies', than the proprietor approached us and stared deeply, like a recently caged tiger, into our eyes.

'Are you tired?' he shouted.

'No,' I said.

'Are you sure you're not tired?' he insisted.

'Certainly not,' I repeated, backing a little.

'Then sit down,' he roared, 'and stop blocking the view.' He then withdrew himself and glared balefully at another customer, who, too, backed a little with a propitiatory smile. 'Why don't you buy people some drinks?' he shouted.

'We won't sit down,' my host whispered in my ear, 'it would be a dangerous sign of weakness and we would be pounced on by the others.' In fact, out of the corner of my eye, I could see one or two prowlers moving about, obviously looking for slights, and unpremeditated insults. One of these, a powerful, dark man, reputed to be a Finnish sailor who had learnt the Gaelic, approached us and tapped my host on the shoulder.

'Don't you like that tune?' he said in a low, strangled voice, pointing at the juke box.

'Certainly,' replied my host, 'it's one of my favourites.'

'Then why have you turned the volume down?' he said in a louder voice. He moved off and I could see him talking to the Ju-Jutsu proprietor and the boxer-barman and one or two other prowlers. The temperature was getting high.

'The ridiculous thing,' said my host 'about it all is that the volume of the juke box can only be controlled from behind the counter. But, of course, it makes no difference.' In the circumstances, after the absurd incident, it was not really possible to leave, as it would look like precipitate retreat (which in fact one heartily desired) and we sat down drinking and talking in well-modulated tones, averting our eyes from the small gang of prowlers staring at us through a frieze of ladies.

The next evening I returned to the mountains in the company of a family with whom I had been staying the night before. My host was a dental surgeon who lived on the outskirts of Dublin in a house, which, having started on its own, with a certain value of prestige, had become so swamped by others that it had not only lost its *cachet*, but was wrongly numbered (as indeed was the whole street) and was extremely difficult to locate. We set off in good fettle and drank and talked in various Bonafides until I suggested to the dental surgeon that I wanted to urinate.

'By all means,' cried my host grandiloquently, 'anywhere you like' – and he waved his hand with a lofty motion in all directions. It should be noted that though the Irish character is full of caution, and safeguards are taken in every possible manner to mask one's own and even other peoples' identities (it is never likely that anyone is ever 'in' when you telephone them, unless the person called has suddenly woken up, or shouted down his wife), there is also a great element of bravado, a desire to impress the Englishman with the possession of qualities which are actually quite alien to the native character. Thus, with a histrionic gesture, the dental surgeon pointed to a luxurious car standing in front of the main door of the Bonafide and indicated the rear and back wheels. 'I will take one', he said generously, 'and you can take the other'.

While we were actually operating in the manner suggested, two stealthy, saturnine figures stalked in from the surrounding gloom.

'What are you doing?' asked one of the figures. By this time we could see that they were *Gardas* – members of the national police.

'Do we have to explain?' cried the dental surgeon, but I could see that he regretted this piece of gratuitous theatre. Both our names were taken, and when it came to my address and profession, the dental surgeon instinctively summoned his caution.

'This is an English gentleman living in Arran', he said.

ANTHONY CARSON

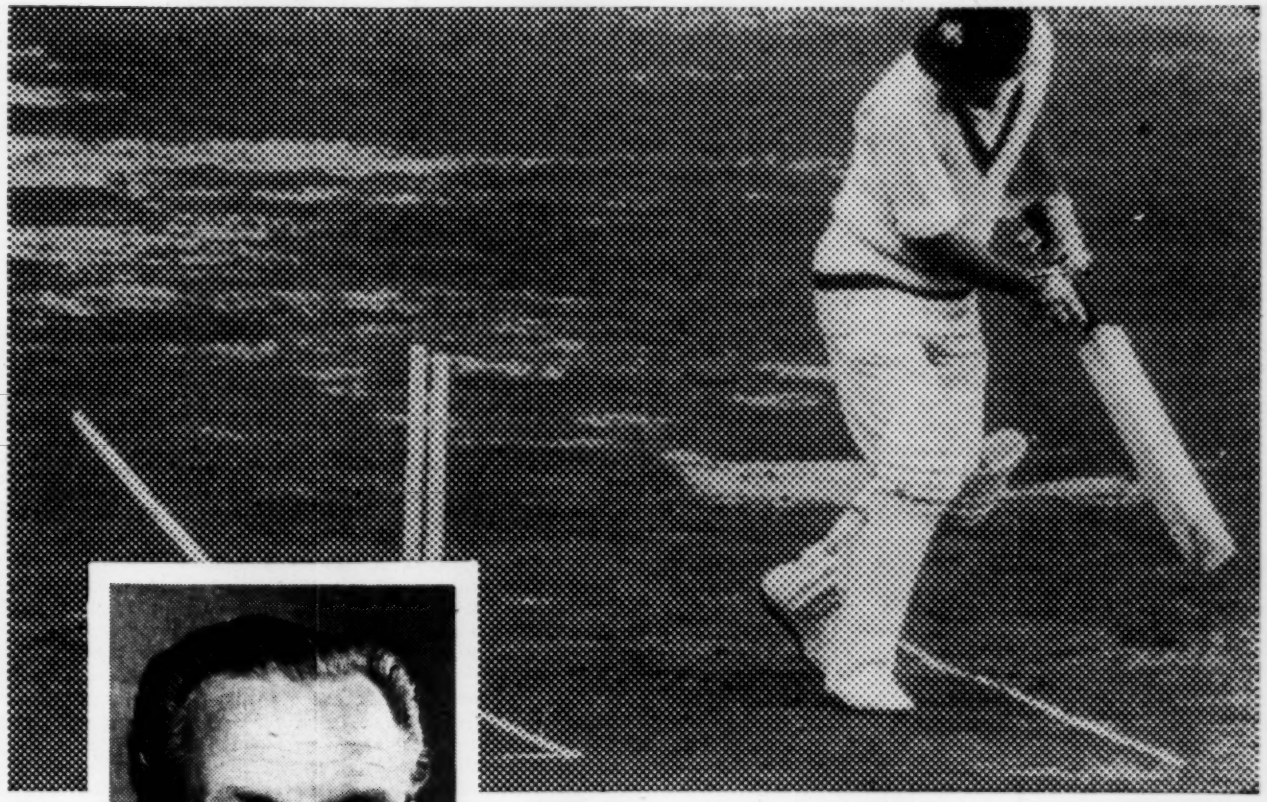
The Arts and Entertainment

Take Away Sin

TAKE away sin from Mr Graham Greene and the temperature goes down; he is left with the comedy of disappointment. It is the sentimentalist's name for experience. To love (Mr Greene conveys) the English vastly prefer their humours. The endearing and therefore funny thing about Mr Rhodes, the dentist, non-stop anecdotalist and practical joker in the home – fake cigars, musical cushions, dribble glasses – is that he is not funny to anyone except his small son. The funny thing about his wife is that, although interested only in half-term, school hols, running the house, she has inconvenienced herself with a truculent lover and is too bitty to concentrate on a plausible lie. And the funny thing about the lover is that the seduction of married women whose minds are elsewhere, is his treadmill. The play opens slowly with a suburban dinner party dying on everyone's hands and Mr Rhodes running through his repertoire of jokes; it comes to life in a very funny bedroom scene – still not quick enough – and then is adroitly turned (mainly by Sir Ralph Richardson's brilliance in the role of the injured husband) into a sardonic yet charitable moralisation, in the English fashion, on the superiority of the inertia of marriage to the illusions of love. It is a decisive help to the argument that the Rhodes are comfortably undersexed and – except from the indignant lips of a 19-year-old girl, who is longing to get a glimpse of it, the ugly head is hardly heard of. That, by the way, is why she is funny. In terms of the analogy with teeth – a cheerfully running theme in the dentist's view of life – she is still stuck with her milk teeth; the adults are botched up with emotional fillings; at the end of the play, when husband and lover settle down to an arrangement, the teeth of all of them will be false.

The comic idea in the play – as distinct from its general humour – is in the lover's pretension to rights, resentments, moral possession, supremacy as the injured party and at last to be the chief complaisant figure by allowing what he cannot prevent. Assuming the possessive love of a husband he will obviously soon turn the husband into his own wife's lover. The comedy cries out for another Act. But, having no sin, which is Mr Greene's form of artifice, this play lacks the edge and penetration of artificial comedy. His point, of course, is our lack of edge, our spiritual slackness, the drudgery of illusion; and we must judge the play as sitting room realism with characteristic and witty interferences by an author cleverer than his people. Clearly the bedroom scene brings out the best in him and the Greene view of love: the hotel in Amsterdam with its macabre reputation as 'the Venice of the North', the bed half stripped, luggage on it, packing up, empty coffee cups, the suitcase that won't close, the forgotten sponge bag, the recalcitrant lover refusing to budge while his mistress is eager to resume the real business of her life – fuss. And then, in bursts the cheerful dentist with – wonderful stroke – another dentist, a Dutch one who does not speak English. Miss Phyllis Calvert, who had a hard time making a dull woman interesting and had missed opportunities when she was inventing the wife's imaginary friend Jane Crane, came to life in this scene. When she tried to get her hand away from the Dutchman who was kissing it, she shrivelled wonderfully in all the horror of one who is seeing the incomprehensible gratuitously slapped on to the disastrous. Another Greene speciality was the biting episode in which Paul Scofield, the lover, satanically dictated a monstrous letter to the hotel valet, exposing the whole story to the husband. This is a master stroke. And Mr Greene, who is sometimes accused of knowing nothing about love or women, disposes of that when he shows that although a wife may be outraged by an injury done to her husband by her lover, she will nevertheless find her lover even more attaching for having behaved like a cad. What Miss Phyllis Calvert could not do was to utter Mr Green's lines about 'the two-backed beast'. I sympathise; they were beyond Mrs Rhodes's little brain. If it had been a question of mumps or Derry and Toms. . . .

CRICKET THE YEAR ROUND



CRICKET IS MORE THAN A GAME, it's an institution. Since rules were first set down in a Hampshire village, over two centuries ago, it has accumulated a vast body of fact, legend and lore. Something in the character of the game—an odd blend of the formal and the spontaneous—seems to act as a stimulant to good writing. In the past newspapers have produced some notable cricket correspondents. Among those who are at work today, none turns in a more consistently good column than the News Chronicle's Crawford White. He was a member of the Lancashire minor counties championship winning side of 1934. And since joining the News Chronicle in 1946 he has covered cricket around the world, from one Test series to another. In February, 1948, when he was covering the M.C.C.'s visit to British Guiana, he had the unique distinction of being asked to stand by to play for the English team. When he is not abroad White is most likely to be found watching league and county matches at home. Life for him is, in fact, one long summer, punctuated by global plane journeys.

A distinguishing feature of his writing is his non-partisan attitude towards the game. He does not think it any part of a cricket correspondent's job to be either a scandalmonger or the public mouthpiece of a cricketing clique. When he writes a story he believes it; and he makes you believe it, too. Crawford White's objectivity and independence are well known to millions who have never read his written reports in the News Chronicle. Cricket fans, huddled round their radio sets on dark December mornings, have heard his voice crackling through the static with news of triumph or tragedy in Australia. On television, too, he has talked coolly and constructively about the game he loves. Reading his reports, listening (if you're fortunate enough to meet him personally) to his sunny, first-hand reminiscences of cricket's glorious moments, you understand how it is that this game, so often said to be in its death-throes, can still provide ample subject matter for endless argument, discussion and pleasure.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it

News Chronicle

Whether his play hits or muffs, Mr Greene's skill is superlative. At the beginning of the showdown between husband and lover, it is splendid that Sir Ralph flashes out of his pocket not the traditional fist or revolver, but a dentist's torch and startles and floors Mr Scofield by asking him to open his mouth for tooth inspection. One sees how and why Mr Greene has built up the joker's character, turning its stupidities into a resource, even if we have to hear some old stuff about failure, the fly in the ointment and the spell of Zane Grey.

Paul Scofield played the morose and impudent squalor of romance to Sir Ralph Richardson's love and habit, and conveyed with an intelligent, comic bitterness that he had been through this sort of thing with uninteresting women many times before. It was Sir Ralph who rose above the difficulties of a farce turned moving and serious. He explored the delicacies of a boring man's heart without confusing the boring with the stupid. His movements on the stage have a manly delicacy which are a pleasure to watch. He has extraordinary tact; he never overacts sincerity and when, in what must have been the moment of crucial difficulty in the play, he had to be stunned by his deception and break into tears, he discreetly avoided embarrassing the audience. He conveys feeling without exploiting it. Oliver Burt as the Dutchman was very funny and so was Gerald Flood as the valet. Polly Adams was exact as the offended young girl and Hugh James – as the dentist's little son who had, to my taste, a part too long and conventional for the play – went through it with a perky confidence.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Believing is Seeing

Michael Ayrton is a rare case – as everyone is now pointing out. Some even hint that he has been born out of his time. Yet I see him as representing an aspect of our time very accurately. Ayrton is a humanist whose faith is a constant struggle: disillusion and misanthropy are always beside him – tempting.

The odd thing is that one first salutes Ayrton for his moral strength; for his independence from fashion, for the way he refuses to deny his intelligence, for the breadth of his aims and for apparently not giving way to his constant temptation. Yet if this is so, why not salute his works themselves rather than an abstract virtue? Unfortunately because, although Ayrton is uncommonly talented and inventive, his works suffer from grave contradictions that are actually the result of his struggle to maintain his humanism. His noble aims are partly his undoing. Let me try to explain more clearly why.

In the exhibition of his paintings (at the Redfern) there is a self-portrait. It shows a table on a terrace at night. Propped among other objects on this table is a small mirror. And here, I think, is a clue to the nature of Ayrton's humanism. Beneath the immense black sky, under the stars whose scale makes any god look like a temporary caretaker, the small propped-up image of a man's head lit by a lamp. Each is alone. Beside the mirror, however, is a palette. By working, facing the truth, mastering, we can extend our control.

So Ayrton sets out, alone, troubled but determined not only to maintain his humanist principles, but also to set an example to his contemporaries, most of whom are cowards retreating into mumbo jumbo. His task is immense. He paints, writes, sculpts, lectures and argues. He works as hard as any artist I know. And his subjects are equally extensive – peasants at work, Greek ruins, falconers, nudes, Orpheus searching, modern jivers, Cain, Icarus. In all that he does he wants to establish the power of man's comprehensive abilities. When he paints a still-life he wants to show how it is possible to combine a wineglass painted in the manner of Velasquez with a background that is like a Mondrian abstraction. When he paints a man dancing in the street, he wants to suggest how the dance is an attempt to break out of the confining city. When he finds a cracked sheet of glass, he turns it to use by drawing a man behind it, his drawn hand deliberately hitting the glass where it has been accidentally struck. Whilst in his wax reliefs, he wants, I think, to suggest the whole process of man mastering nature. These reliefs (at the Leicester Galleries) are modelled in a wax that dries stone hard and so can also be used as an adhesive to hold in position actual natural elements such as pieces of wood or fishbones. With these Ayrton creates an alien, threatening landscape and then places in this the figure of a man – venturing. He also aims at a similar challenge in some of his bronzes – casting the figures from modelled wax and their surroundings from actual animal bones. These perhaps also touch the quick of the theme of mortality. Yeats:

> 'The third thing that I think of yet'
> Sang a bone upon the shore;
> 'Is that morning when I met
> Face to face my rightful man . . .'

Then why do I talk of grave contradictions? Because mostly the ideas behind these works are more profound than the means used. The wineglass hasn't in fact been looked at hard enough. The cracked plate of glass becomes a trick, violating the drawing because it suggests that the drawn man has done something he cannot do – move his fist. The real fishbones remain the natural size of fishbones and so reduce the wax men to figurines which have presumably been discarded like themselves. And the cast tibia also has a similar effect. One has the impression of Ayrton conjuring instead of his protagonists heroically struggling.

Again why? Several critics have suggested that Ayrton is too intelligent. But can an artist be too intelligent? Was it such a disadvantage for Piero or Delacroix or Seurat? I think this is only suggested because Ayrton's work is disconcerting. No one knows quite what to say. Here in one gallery is more material for thought, more ingenuity, more ambition than you can usually find in twenty galleries. Which disconcerts Ayrton himself. It seems to me that he is very much aware of how narrow and flat art has become. What is its present function? Even its demands – from both artist and spectator – are paltry. Ayrton, however, refuses to despair – for that would be to contribute to the rot. He is probably the only artist in England whose work is entirely free from private nostalgia or self pity. But somehow and desperately he knows that his art must be established on a different level. He wants his work to be comparable in aim if not in quality with that of the masters of the European tradition. He is not content to admire Rembrandt solely for the texture of his paint, as many of his contemporaries now do. And so he sets out to do all that I have described. He brings into art all that he can lay hand or mind on – Greek mythology, modern furniture, a nude in a hammock seen from below, a hawk's eye landscape, bones, wood, a new kind of wax, cracked sheets of glass.

Yet, despite all this, his doubts still remain. His faith in his actual job and therefore in his media is very small. This is why he violates them. And equally it is a lack of faith which makes him put Orpheus in a bone landscape, a diver on a springboard, an acrobat actually on his platform. In each case the figure by itself ought to be expressive enough. Ayrton, however, doubts the simple sculptural figure just as he will surely doubt my saying that his bare landscape of Delos finally has more human content than any of his other works. The humanity of a painting or sculpture can only lie in the way of seeing that it implies; never in its props or ideas as such. Ayrton knows this really. But he must gather the faith to act on it: to look more searchingly and to believe that such looking is bound to be significant; to examine his way of painting as fully as he examines his themes. If he can do this, he will create the humanist works he wishes to. If he cannot, his works will remain to reproach us – justly but misanthropically.

JOHN BERGER

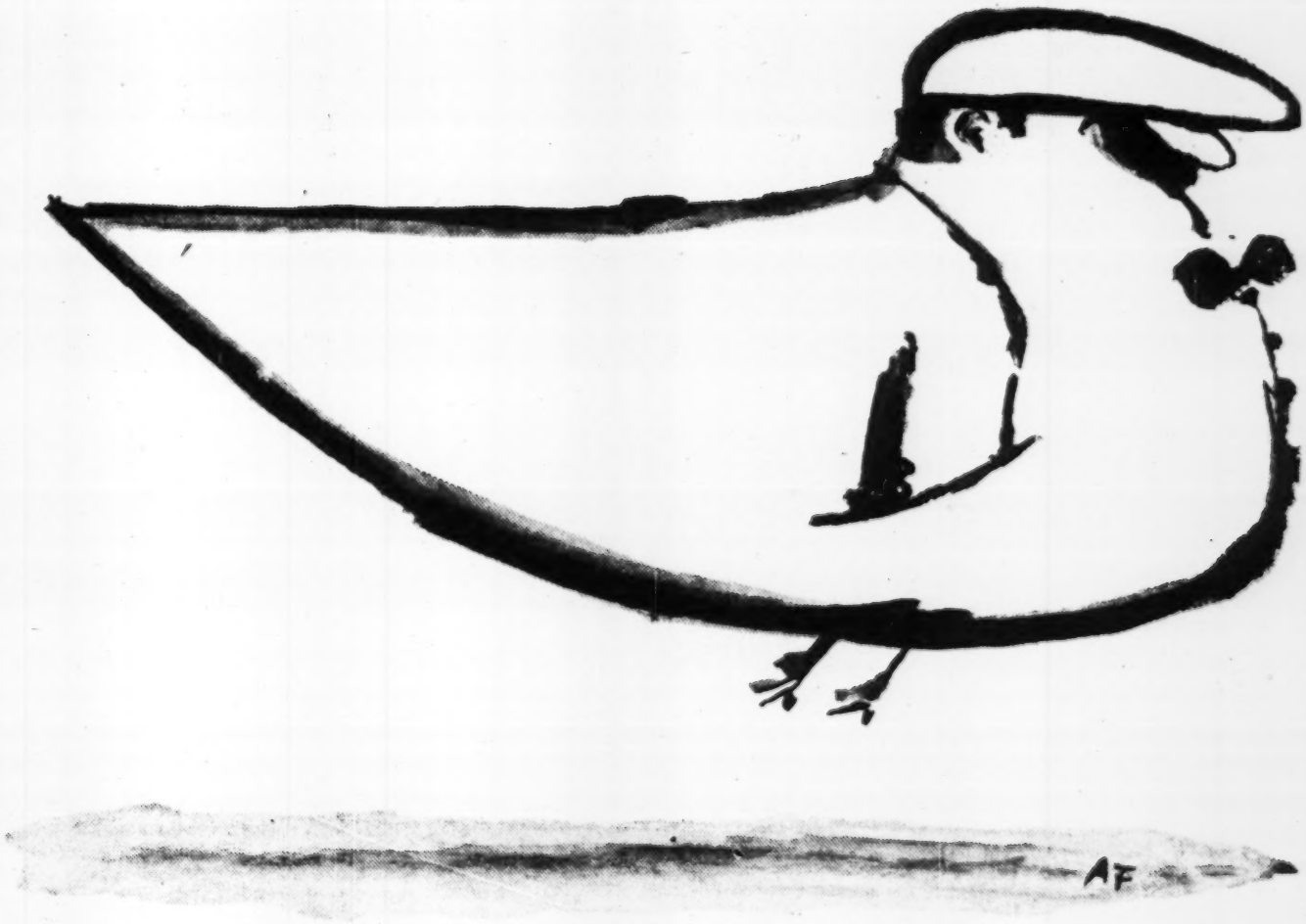
Masterpiece

The third film of Andrzej Wajda to be shown in England, *Ashes and Diamonds* (at the Academy), is possibly the best film made since the war. This 'drama of political assassination' has a Dostoevskian passion and sweep, so that not merely is it Wajda's masterpiece, but also the masterpiece of a tormented society in Poland, Hungary, or the Ukraine; it personifies Liberated Poland, with its Communist saviours and destroyers, its underground leading back to Fascism, its common humanity trained to bloodshed and sick of it; where this hectic embodiment differs from Dostoevsky is that its beliefs are humanist and in the end even non-political, and that instead of exaltation it aims at unerring realism. It hopes, within the bloody impasse of Pole killing Pole, to attain to ordinary humanity: ordinary humanity, that is, as released by the new order.

All this–the hopes, conflicts, intransigence, betrayal, remorseless killing, the mercenary degeneration of place-seekers, the hopeless reaching of lovers towards the good, the beautiful and the true – is resumed in the action-packed story of a single night in a provincial hotel on the night the war ended. The Mayor, who has just been made Minister, leads the banquet; there's a patriotic singer in the bar; the dance hall jigs on; a Freedom killer installs himself in the bedroom next to the Communist secretary, whom he has already tried to kill at the expense of other lives; the killer himself, with dark glasses covering a war injury and youthful crocodile smile, entertains the barmaid in his bed, and would but can't escape free into love; he gets his man, in a horrible embrace; he is the hero, the Dostoevskian sufferer, who has all human experience in his grasp, but can only, true to his upbringing, kill 'in the name of Poland'. He is himself, in the final superb sequences, killed while the wretched victory revel goes on. The characters in this conflict are the assassin and his superiors, the girl ex-landowner, those in the saddle, the Communist high or low, the foot-in-both-camps, and the old hotel porter who lets in the morning sun, hauls out the Polish flag, and longs for destroyed Warsaw.

Those who have seen *A Generation* and *Kanal* will find here the ruthless insistence of the first and the poetry of the second, combined with a cinematic intensity that impresses itself everywhere. I happen to have seen the film twice in two days; but I feel that I am only at the beginning of this remarkable if gruelling enjoyment. It says all it sets out to say; and that needs some taking in. It is ferociously compelling, so that we must come

You chase space



Time lost in youth, dreaming, dozing. Precious hours. Recapture must in stratosphere.
Shave London. Breakfast New York. Chase space.

Jettery, you board plane. Comfort. Calm. Barley sugar. Hostess mostest.
Five minutes . . . precious minutes. Breathe.

Wilmot Breeden where? Somewhere. Make seats? *No*. Make hostess? *No, no.*
Make glass of whisky? *No*. Well, where? What? Which? Tell.

Make inlet guide vanes! No? Fact? *Yes, yes, hollow blades, super-duper-special process.*
What do? *Guide air*. Where? *Out of sight, out of mind*. So!
Make anti-icing ducts, hydrau ics . . . So! Fascinating.

Hostess! Soda-whisky. Wilmot Breeden make this, make that.
For jet-planes and. For automobiles and.
Virtually every British car roads today carries some components Wilmot Breeden!
New York. Time for breakfast . . .

WILMOT BREEDEN are at **Birmingham**: *also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.*

back. I can see that in twenty years' time, whatever way by then the world may have taken, *Ashes and Diamonds* will bring audiences back to the grip of the revolutionary Fifties. If I say that the performance of Zbigniev Cybulski in the killer role is magnificent, that is merely because among unknown names his is brought closest in appeal; but in fact the acting throughout is a tribute to the director, and the camera work (witness the lovers' heads in their dark idyll, and the purging death of the hero) maintains a rare authority.

Japanese films have been too long absent, and the Curzon's *The Rickshaw Man* introduces a director new to us, Hiroshi Inagaki, with a work both popular and refined, ramshackle and yet gathering appeal. The protesting, staunch, and in the end tragically overlooked rickshaw man (Toshiro Mifune) makes a fine picaresque figure; beautiful revolutions of wheels divide the episodes; the local colour is fascinating, and it *is* in colour and in the breadth of Tohoscope. The lure of this film should ensure that more films from this director find their way to London. Here, too, there is a notable second film, the experimental Polish *Two Men and a Wardrobe*, brilliant proof that the film school is as essential to art as the ballet.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Cool Bath

Bath is not a natural location for a jazz festival, though this respectable and handsome city has several unexpected facets; for instance, a tradition of violently insurrectionary Chartism and – to judge by the street-scene – a strong Salvation Army. Still, since every place with buildings worth floodlighting is now organising cultural festivals, and since jazz now belongs to culture, Bath also attaches jazz somewhat loosely to its other artistic activities. Though the Regency Ballroom (decorated in a way reminiscent of the cinemas of the 1930s) stands opposite the Theatre Royal, there is little of a festival atmosphere about it. The audience – what there was of it on 11 June – was local or regional. The Londoners who flocked to Lord Montagu's Beaulieu Festival last year, and will no doubt go again on 13 August, had stayed away. The only foreigners seemed to be the assorted collection of British, French, Dutch, Swedish and Austrian musicians who composed the concert of International Stars, the handful of journalists and managers, and the two Malayan student producers attached to the BBC van which broadcast such parts of the proceedings as the Musicians' Union permitted on *Jazz Club*.

It was not a particularly memorable occasion. Or rather, it is worth remembering only for those things which are so much part of the normal routine of the touring musician's life that they are taken for granted by them and ignored by others. For the empty half-dark skating-rink of the ballroom floor during rehearsal, the red-bearded drummer in a dark-blue windcheater, the bass-player in light-blue sweater and jeans, the Dutch singer in a pink cardigan swinging dark glasses, the Swedish singer in dark glasses and leather coat crossing the floor, dancing a few steps and humming a few bars to herself, the cups of tea distributed on the side-tables like chessmen in an end-game, the casual microphone cables. For the international gossip: 'Man, you should tour Sweden. In Stockholm, the chicks look after you in the street, they can *guess* you're not a Swede'. 'We've been touring together on and off since 1952, and you've never let me buy you a meal'. 'In Vienna the musicians are not on anything; they just like fishing. Fellow tried to get me and my band to play at his wedding free. Offered me a chance to shoot a stag. So I say: and who's going to pay my musicians?' 'I never rehearse, I just go on the stand and blow'. For Miss Zetterlund, the daughter of two musicians, describing her family in the English which continental jazz musicians learn from visiting American players: 'My mother was a real crazy swinging chick, but now she don't blow no more'.

The audience was much like any other audience, more boys than girls, overwhelmingly under 22, the serious fans tending to bunch up on either side of the stand. The boys are the expected boys: a few with dark glasses, a few with St Germain beards, and moderately sharp dressers. The chicks (whom Messrs Fatty George, clarinet, and Hans Koller, tenor, as true sons of Vienna, call 'cats' and 'hares', avoiding confusion only by doing so in German) are the expected chicks: younger, less intellectual, keener on dancing, if necessary with one another. The dancing was the increasingly elaborate and formalised jiving which is emerging from the improvised whirls of yesterday, perhaps under the influence of the highly competitive provincial ballroom tradition; at its best a precise and angular style, the boy dancing at arm's length holding one hand behind his back. The music was probably advanced for Bath, which so far has only 'traditional' native bands, but not too far beyond the main style of the later 1930s which anybody can appreciate. Of the international players Hans Koller, a short-haired, tough-looking man with a scar, and a fiery blower, was the most impressive, Fatty George, big and mild-faced, the most musicianly. Stéphanë Grapelly's violin brought back youth to the middle-aged. Of the two girl singers, Rita Reys (Holland) had it on voice, Monica Zetterlund on looks. The Dill Jones and Vic Ash groups also deserved a better audience.

Then the official dinner party in the Pump Room, an occasion equally far from the world of Beau Nash and the jazzplayers, even when the Mayor entered as the local band played *Petite Fleur*. And the slow walk back through the empty classical streets – Bath goes to bed early – Miss Zetterlund in orange-brown and platinum blonde, singing Swedish folksongs softly into the night. 'It's about Vaermland. I come from there. Don't you remember, Stan Getz used this song?' More drinks and business arguments in an empty ballroom. And the musicians dropping into their cars to drive back to London in the small hours.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Shortening the Girdle

The BBC scored one of its technical scoops last week: pictures of the Queen arriving in Canada were received in London by transatlantic telephone cable within an hour or two of the event, and could therefore be included in that evening's television *News*; whereas the commercial competitor, Independent Television News, being supplied by slow coach – i.e. by Comet – could not show the arrival in Canada until next day, and had to be content with pictures of the royal departure from London and with such minor events as Geneva, industrial disputes, and Ascot.

Conversely, the BBC was also able to make available to American viewers, before the Queen had arrived in Canada, pictures of her leaving London. These had, we were told, 'a considerable dramatic impact on Americans'. They were also included in the *News* for British viewers, who probably found them restful rather than dramatic, since they were mostly a 'background' build-up to the actual take-off; Buckingham Palace in the early morning, the Royal Standard flapping lazily in the hazy sun, a 'practice shot' of a Comet IV, all with a commentary in the rich, grave voice of John Snagge.

The fact of a scoop is almost always of more interest to those technically or professionally concerned than to the consumers. No ordinary newspaper reader cares whether AP or UP transmitted the first flash of an important death (unless perhaps, it occurs at such a time of night that his own newspaper misses it). Similarly, as with a dog preaching or whatever it is, it was not the content but the fact of this TV scoop that had such 'impact' as there was. We have seen so many thousand pictures of VIPs arriving at airports that they are not now wildly exciting, and the quality of these was poor: they were white and misty.

None the less, the importance of this advance should not be underestimated, and the BBC's pride in it is justifiable. Moreover, it illustrates a fact not always recalled when the finance of television is under discussion: it is often (though not always) the BBC that does this kind of donkey-work for both channels, taking the initiative and spending a lot of money in technical research from which its competitor will ultimately benefit. No doubt we shall quite soon see transatlantic-cable pictures, as a matter of course, on both channels; they will be of better quality than last week's, and will make possible a quick mutual transatlantic view of important events – though the abysmal triviality of most of the recent Eurovision anniversary programmes is not encouraging.

Those with time for afternoon viewing had – again, thanks to the BBC – four outings to Ascot. Clive Graham and Peter O'Sullevan identified the horses and read the races with their usual smooth competence – though punters must wish that the BBC, having stooped to give the prices *after* each race, would also, like ITV, give them before. Socialist addicts of the dual forecast were no doubt especially gratified by the performance in the New Stakes of Mr Woodrow Wyatt's 33–1 Godiva's Pink Flower, who ran a dashing second to the 1–5 favourite, Sound Track. Since Ascot is snob spectacle as well as a race meeting, the BBC had also commissioned Sylvia Peters and Anne Edwards to weave their way among the mob of female exhibitionists in grotesque dresses. They were not always successful in dodging the obvious publicity-seekers, but had the sense to pick out for praise the plainer dresses ('Lady – is always tremendously smart and tremendously *right*'), and let fall as they went such apophthegms as 'Brown is *absolutely* the newest colour'. Miss Grenfell couldn't have done it better.

TOM DRIBERG

Medea (at Covent Garden)

Cherubini's *Medea* was revived after 89 years purely as a display-piece for Maria Callas; and some doubts were expressed whether it would prove a strong enough musical vehicle for her special talents. In the event, it appeared to me, it was Callas who let Cherubini down – badly. Against some tastefully classical settings the nobility and severe beauty of much of the work was made manifest in the impressive singing and dignified bearing of Jon Vickers as Jason and Fiorenza Cossotto as Neris, and in the sound if not particularly inspired conducting of Nicola Rescigno. The smaller parts of Creon and Glauce were adequately filled by Nicola Zaccaria and Joan Carlyle. What was needed to complete the picture was a Medea of tragic grandeur, with a superb voice able to match (and if possible dominate) the ringing heroic tenor of Vickers.

These demands proved beyond Callas's powers, vocal and histrionic. Playing up her chief asset, her overpowering temperament, she flung herself at the role from the outside, over-acting to the point of ham, pulling out all the stops all the time until very soon

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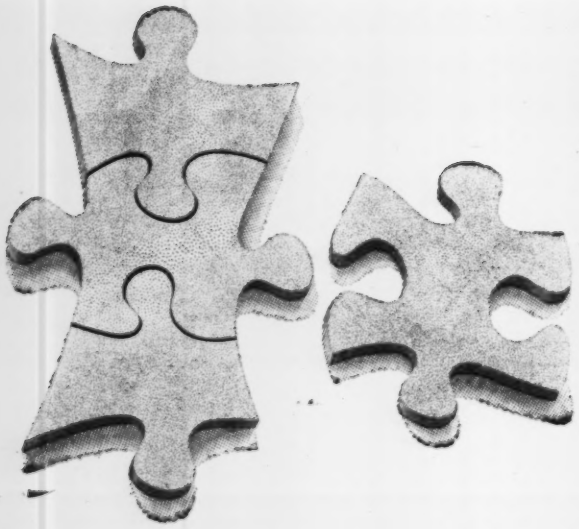

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nothing meant anything any more. Hardly still for a moment, she produced a never-ending series of exaggerated gestures, part operatic cliché, part stylised antique; the latter were perhaps inspired by the rather too selfconsciously Greek production, but the result was utterly artificial and unconvincing. This would have mattered little had she sung the part magnificently, but vocally she was in poor shape. The quieter parts came off well enough, but whenever she pressed on her voice to hurl out Medea's fury, it failed to respond with any real power, and often went out of control: a weak middle register sharply divided a shrill soprano, vibrating a whole tone, and a forced chest-voice contralto. Thus the central character was reduced to a comparative cipher.

D.C.

All in the Family, at the Strand Theatre

A wealthy shoe manufacturer dies at the age of 79 by the hand of his young secretary whose apparel he has tried to tear off at two o'clock in the morning. Scandal, of course, if the girl is found out and confesses her motive. The best thing the upright family can think of to cover up for the old dog and save their skins is pin the manslaughter on some pleasure-doting black-sheep grandson and trust he will be pardoned through his name. The only snag with this scheme in Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon's *All in the Family* at the Strand Theatre is that the local policeman is also involved in the affairs of the household and will believe none of that. The outcome is a well-written psychological comedy adapted by Victor Wolfson, but possessing an uneasy air about it, as though the author intended forthright farce but a certain stolid English realism had crept in to make us realise the gravity of the situation for these distraught members of the establishment.

Maybe not. However a split did exist and a sub-plot tussle ensued with that tough, formidable actress Maxine Audley waving the flag for melodrama as the old man's daughter, and Andre Morell, excelling himself as the policeman, playing it mostly for laughs. Clearly on the latter's side was punchy and effective Donald Sinden as the black sheep in suede shoes and open-necked shirts smoking cigarettes, when the situation warranted, behind a cupped hand.

N.D.

Correspondence

DISSOLVING THE CENTRAL AFRICAN PARTNERSHIP

SIR, – May a Northern Rhodesian comment on your suggestion that the 1960 conference, which was to review the constitution of the Federation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, should be postponed.

At first sight the suggestion seems excellent and one even wonders why it has, in the past, been beyond the ingenuity of everyone. But the thing to remember is that the immediate worry of the Africans is the existence of the Federation itself – the grant of dominion status being merely the very worst thing that can happen. As long as the Federation exists, there is a possibility (however remote) of dominion status being imposed. Furthermore, 'partnership', being a policy of 'the horse and its rider', the horse is tired of being used as a beast of burden and would not favour postponing the date for the dissolution of the 'partnership'!

Reliable sources have it that (after and in the light of what has happened here at the beginning of this year) the purpose of the 1960 conference is to plan a programme of gradual stages leading to eventual autonomy of the Federation on the present basis. This planning may well be carried out without the 1960 conference. That is to say, constitutional concessions might be made to the federal government by degrees if the Federation is allowed to continue. This, is after all, not without precedent. Hence it would seem very much better to have a conference in 1960 with 'secession of the two protectorates from the Federation' on its Agenda.

Of course there are difficulties in getting this to be accepted by a 'settler-dominated' conference. Northern Rhodesians, however, seem to take that stand. For example, just a fortnight ago the Central Province branch of the unbanned National Congress sent a strongly worded letter to the Chief Secretary demanding secession of Northern Rhodesia from the Federation, and Mr Nkumbula will move that motion in the settler-dominated Legislative Council.

It would, therefore, look as if your suggestion to postpone the 1960 conference will not have the full support of all the Africans.

M. MAINZA CHONA

House No. 581, Matero Suburb
Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia

INCITEMENT IN NOTTING HILL

SIR, – On Sunday 14 June, I found a leaflet from the White Defence League on my mat. Headed 'Who killed Kelso Cochrane', it ran: 'The people behind the coloured invasion are getting desperate because of growing white resistance in Notting Hill. Reds are forming strong-arm squads in support of the blacks; Jews have threatened to destroy the premises of the White Defence League. Now they are using the killing of a coloured man to smear the white folk of Notting Hill; 'frame' white resistance organisations in the district; demand new laws to stifle and punish resistance. Was Cochrane's killing arranged for this foul purpose? We stand for the white people of Notting Hill against the coloured invasion.'

Having lived and practised as a doctor in this district for many years, and knowing its reaction potential to such a stimulus, I telephoned the Notting Hill police insisting that this leaflet must be regarded as inciting to further violence. I was told that my complaint would be noted and reported in the morning. Within 15 minutes I received a call from the same police station saying that perhaps I would like to know that the Special Branch had asked for copies of this leaflet and was dealing with the matter.

The following morning I rang the Special Branch, Scotland Yard, and was told that matters of policy were outside police control, but would I care to write to the Director of Public Prosecutions? I wrote to him and meanwhile telephoned Mr Lloyd Thomas, secretary to the Home Secretary in charge of the racial conflicts problem. He explained that under the existing laws protecting the freedom of speech, only people insulting and threatening named individuals could be proceeded against.

Yesterday morning I received the following letter from the Director of Public Prosecutions: 'I am in receipt of your letter of 15 June. The contents of your complaint have been noted but I should perhaps inform you that this is not an investigation department and I therefore cannot enquire into the gravity of the pamphlet to which you refer.'

Let us be quite clear that such attitudes and that such letters were the stepping stones of Hitler and Malan. Now let us prove that we have learnt that lesson.

ELEANOR ETTLINGER

20 Lansdowne Crescent
W.11

FABIANS AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR, – Like Margaret Cole I was surprised that Mr Abel-Smith should think that the Fabians were ever opposed to a National Health Service and I think it is time that everyone, including the Fabians themselves, got their history right.

In the latest Fabian pamphlet on *The Future of the Family Doctor* the credit for the National Health Service is given to the BMA and Beveridge. In fact, the National Health Service owed nothing to either of them and was almost entirely a 'Fabian' effort even if indirect through the Socialist Medical Association. In making assumption B of his report, Lord Beveridge was merely quoting from Sidney Webb, who in his famous minority report on the Poor Law in 1907, made the assumption that within a year or two, and if the poor law system was reformed, there would be a national health service. From that moment the conception was accepted within the Labour movement in this country, but it was the work of Fabians in working out the details that finally led to the 1946 introduction of the service itself. Brian Abel-Smith wondered how the BMA Medical Planning Commission came to produce a draft interim report that contained so much of Socialism, but evidently did not know that there were on that commission some 12 doctors who were either actually members of the Fabian Society or Fabians in spirit and attitude.

Those who founded the Socialist Medical Association were never in any doubt as to the support they could get from the Fabian Society and have always given credit to Sidney Webb's work, followed by that of Dr Lawson Dodd, Mr Somerville Hastings and others, in planning what your reviewer rightly described as probably the greatest social measure that has ever been produced.

D. STARK MURRAY
President SMA

40 Fitzgeorge Avenue, W14

INSURANCE MERGERS

SIR, – Attention has previously been drawn to the uneasiness felt by the staffs of two large groups of insurance companies, the Commercial Union and the North British & Mercantile, about the recent merging of the interests of those groups.

Last Saturday an announcement of proposals for another amalgamation of insurance groups was made; the Yorkshire Insurance Co. and the Scottish Union & National are those involved.

Staffs to the number of about ten thousand persons are on the pay-rolls of the companies comprising the four groups.

It is probable that several insurance concerns may be considering the possibility of reducing competition by alliance with, or absorption of, other insurance companies. Since there is, in general, little mobility of staffs (except among juniors) from the service of one company to that of another, the consequences of redundancy could be very serious in this field.

The Guild of Insurance Officials embraces in its membership a substantial proportion of insurance clerical and administrative staffs; its power to protect their livelihoods could be increased if non-members would join.

The continued trend towards amalgamations of insurance companies, if likely to increase the efficiency of the business and to reduce the amounts of premiums due from policyholders, obviously cannot be opposed by the Guild, but effective guarantees should be given by the managements that the staffs' security and prospects will not be jeopardised.

Eligible non-members should know that the Guild exists to protect their interests as well as those of employees who are already members.

R. E. DEWBERRY
Joint General Secretary

STEEL PROPAGANDA

SIR, – On a recent visit to a Belfast cinema, I was rather disturbed by one of the supporting films shown. This was a colour documentary entitled *Men of Consett*, and I formed the opinion that it was a not too subtle piece of anti-nationalisation propaganda for the steel industry.

The film started off as if it were to be an ordinary travel documentary, but it soon turned into a conducted tour of a well-known steel works. There were a number of interviews with workers, and throughout the film there were references to nationalisation. There was no direct remark about nationalising the steel industry, but there were references aimed at breweries and railways. One remark went along the lines 'I hope they don't nationalise beer and then put sand in it', while another, referring to railway locomotives, was 'It's a pity they ever painted them black'.

The credits and titles were shown at the end of the film, and by that time I was quite convinced that the film had been produced for the British Iron and Steel Federation or some similar body. But there was no indication that the film was anything other than a straightforward documentary intended as a general interest film with no ulterior motive.

If, as I strongly suspect, the film was designed for propaganda purposes, how did it manage to get into general release in cinemas all over Great Britain?

Assuming that *Men of Consett* was an attempt at what might be termed 'mild brainwashing', what safeguards do the general public have to prevent other bodies and organisations from producing films for or against certain issues, and screening them before the virtually captive cinema audiences? We are all accustomed now to the short film which turns out to be an advertisement for dog biscuits or cigarettes, but this seems to be a new and somewhat underhand form of advertising.

DAVID H. CAPPER

Seymour Hill House
Dunmurry
Co Antrim

VISITORS TO ENGLAND

SIR, – The questioning of foreign visitors by the British immigration authorities is in sharp contrast with the liberal practices shown by continental countries. One can travel freely all over western Europe without being molested by immigration officers of any country and often they have not even stamped my travel document. In many cases not even passports are needed and people can freely move about just with their identity cards. Nobody has the idea, for example, to ask the 12 million tourists visiting Italy each year that they should explain why they came to the country and how they will meet their travel expenses. In Britain, however, there is quite a different story. Every foreign visitor has to queue up in order to be questioned by the immigration authorities and special cards have also to be filled in. All this creates a great deal of hostile feeling among foreigners used to the liberal practices of continental countries. Simply they cannot understand the necessity of this bureaucracy, which fortunately, does not exist in their respective countries. Is this questioning really necessary? Is Britain more threatened by the influx of spies or undesirable elements than are foreign countries? Under present conditions it is a small wonder that upon every tourist visiting Britain, ten others prefer to go to Italy, four or five to France, more than three to Germany, and so on. Present practices are creating widespread anti-British feeling among foreign visitors, who, after such a humiliating experience, often prefer to spend their holidays next time in another, more hospitable country.

G. CSERENYEY

88 rue Maubeuge
Paris 10e

UNIVERSITY JOURNALISM

SIR, – K. W. Gransden in *No Love for Butskell: University Journalism Today* (*NS* 13 June) makes the point that 'The big issue . . . is still committedness, dissatisfaction with a timeserving and conformist society.' He contends that this is basically a political issue, and I am sure that he is right, as he is when he suggests that 'disgust at party politics makes most writers argue in non-political terms'. However, he seems to have come to the conclusion that this 'disgust' is a negative force and goes on to stress an importance, which I do not think is due, to the fringe struggle between 'party political committedness' and 'non-committedness'.

Perhaps the most significant factor in common between university publications which I have read, and I have perhaps taken an inordinate amount of interest in them, is what I would tentatively phrase as 'human committedness' and assert as a replacement for party political consciousness, and therefore of positive value.

Such a committedness is based upon morality, neither Christian nor simply expedient but individual, social and politically relevant in the strictest sense. It is a solution in terms which can be manipulated by the individual and a solution which destroys 'group' as a value term.

I would endorse Mr Gransden's final point that 'Ideas about society, once they have been clearly articulated, must be used politically, if they are not to go bad.' Clearly a writer cannot abstract himself entirely from the social idiom within which he is writing, but it is a myopic view to presume that any one type of 'committedness' or any one type of 'political action' is the whole solution.

R. BRYAN TYSON

The Hawthornes
Keele, Staffs

SOCIAL WORKERS AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

SIR, – We believe that many social workers, who protest as individuals against the envisaged use of nuclear weapons, will feel as we do that their personal beliefs are inseparable from their attitude to human beings which leads them to be social workers.

Some architects have declared their belief that they threaten the world they want as architects if they subscribe to the making of nuclear weapons. Similarly, some teachers have protested that to acquiesce in manufacturing and testing nuclear armaments is to deny the objects of their profession, to educate children for a full life. Some parents take their children with them on protest marches to demonstrate that they protest as parents.

Are there some social workers who believe that the certain knowledge of the stupendously destructive effect of nuclear weapons is sufficient to make it clear that their fundamental belief in the unique value of every person is being violated? If so, and if they feel their protest is both strengthened and made more effective by joining with other social workers we should like to hear from them.

MADELINE MANOUKIAN
JOHN C. FLATT
RUTH A. HEATON

69 Wheeleys Road
Birmingham 15

WOMAN'S WORLD

SIR, – Perhaps the difficult conditions under which this week's NEW STATESMAN has been so bravely and efficiently produced are responsible for Critic's odd reference to 'this, the most sex-conscious of all centuries' being followed almost immediately by an article describing the fiction which 'occupies nearly a quarter of the reading matter' in women's weeklies as 'fairy tales for adults – de-sexed romantic love'. As this fiction provides the wish-fantasies for nearly three-quarters of the adult female population (*vide* circulation analyses, readership surveys, etc.), it seems that the century's sex-consciousness is predominantly male, which may account for other peculiar features of our civilisation.

Of course the 17th century, for instance, lacked women's magazines and so had to express its inferior sex-consciousness through such emasculated writers as Shakespeare, Donne, Herrick and Marvell; but we are not yet in the 1960's and the 20th century has quite a time to run. My second favourite columnist prophesies a puritan revival in the 1980's, by which time printing disputes and take-over bids will probably have resulted in amalgamations of the women's and literary weeklies. The weekly diarist of the *New Stateswoman*, in her daring and uninhibited way, will then be all set to usher in the *fin-de-siècle* sex-consciousness of the 1890's.

L. W. BAILEY

11 Leeside Crescent, NW11

ARTISTS AGAINST THE BOMB

SIR, – I am, of course, delighted that as many people as possible should protest and continue to protest against the making and testing of nuclear weapons. But I feel it should be made quite clear to your readers that the March for Life on 28 June, referred to by your correspondent Mr John Berger, is being organised, not by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, but by the British Peace Committee. Though the march is being planned as, amongst other things, a general protest against nuclear weapons, it is not to be a demand for any unilateral action on the part of Britain in the event of a failure to reach agreement with other nations.

L. JOHN COLLINS

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
143 Fleet Street, EC4

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

CROYDON
St. Matthews Hall 29th June 8 p.m.
FILM SHOW

SUTTON COLDFIELD
EXHIBITION: THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE
Central Library 29th June to 4th July

ACTON
East Acton Co-op Hall, Western Avenue.
1st July 7-30 p.m.
MARGHANITA LASKI
CLIVE JENKINS
ALDERMASTON MARCH FILM

DULWICH
GARDEN PARTY
51 Alleyn Park, SE21 4th July 4 p.m.

MANCHESTER
PROCESSION AND POSTER PARADE
Starts Miller St., Manchester
4th July 2-30 p.m.

BREIGHTON and SELBY
VIGIL AT BREIGHTON
8 a.m., 4th July to 12 Noon 5th July
March leaves Breighton 12 noon 5th July
MASS MEETING
Selby Market Place 4.30 p.m. 5th July
SIR HERBERT READ — A. J. P. TAYLOR
MERVYN JONES — DR. JOHN REX

BRADFORD
Mechanics' Institute 5th July 7.45 p.m.
A. J. P. TAYLOR
MERVYN JONES

LONDON REGION DISCUSSION WEEKEND
Treetops Holiday Camp, Nr. Guildford
11th—12th July
"AFTER ALDERMASTON"
DR. DON ARNOTT — TED BEDFORD
JOHN HORNER — BENN LEVY
MICHAEL SCOTT — K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

Further particulars from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143 Fleet Street, EC4 FLE 4175

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Chief

On 15 July 1921 Lord Northcliffe inspected the editorial staffs at Carmelite House. He snapped at a sub-editor: 'What was the best story in this morning's *Daily Mail*?' The sub-editor quoted: 'Viscount Northcliffe is leaving tomorrow on a world tour and will be away from England for several months'. There was a shocked silence. Northcliffe looked stern. Then he turned to his secretary: 'See that man gets a hundred-pound bonus'. Nearly everything about Northcliffe can be deduced from this story. There is the boundless arrogance, tied up with the zest for news; the nature which swung from bullying to generosity. But look a little closer. Whose leg was being pulled in the last resort – Northcliffe's or the sub's? Perhaps even ours? Many writers have had a shot at Northcliffe. They have depicted him as everything from the supreme newspaper-genius to the corrupter of English journalism. His career has been explained over and over again in terms of power. Power over the public through his newspapers; power over that great symbol of respectability, *The Times*; power in the straight political sense – either as a maker of governments or aspiring to be Prime Minister himself. Reading his earlier biographers, following the narrative in the *History of The Times*, accepting the trenchant sentences of Lord Beaverbrook, it was difficult to resist the impression that he was an early sketch for Adolf Hitler.

What contemporaries think of a man is, of course, highly relevant in judging him; but it is also useful to know what he thought of himself. In the new biography by Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth*, Northcliffe is displayed from within for the first time. The result comes near to an autobiography, composed by snipping out innumerable sentences from his letters and piecing them together. This is a crushing book, with a powerful impact appropriate to its subject. It is heavy to hold; and there are nearly 900 pages to read. The reader can get through it with enjoyment only if he shares Northcliffe's own assumption that every scrap of information about himself is of intense importance; and the assumption must extend to the entire Harmsworth family. H. G. Wells, who originally suggested the book, wanted to have it called *The Harmsworth Adventure*. It would have been even more appropriate to call it *The Harmsworth Saga*. The narrative runs with the elaboration and distractions of an ancient legend. It seems incredible that many of the things in it really happened, and within recent memory. Not that the book contains anything sensational. On the contrary it knocks on the head many previous revelations confidently made or casually implied. For instance, it challenges convincingly the statement in the *History of The Times* that Northcliffe bought his peerage. All probability is the other way: Balfour, the Prime Minister, wished to reward Northcliffe for his assistance to Conservative newspapers in the provinces. Again, the book destroys the oft-repeated gossip that Northcliffe suffered from general paralysis of the insane, resulting from syphilis.

All the same, the book establishes one major fact about Northcliffe, the decisive fact in his life. It is not new. Others have seen it, but could not bring themselves to believe that it was the only fact about Northcliffe which counted. Hence they had to call in power or money or even wickedness as the explanation of his career. The plain fact is that Northcliffe was a newsman first, last, and all the time. He loved news and information. He loved making newspapers succeed; and he made them succeed by making them better newspapers, more crammed with information easily absorbed than any newspapers had been before. Success brought him money, and this he enjoyed spending on himself and, with erratic generosity, on others. It also brought him power – both of a political and non-political kind. This too he used, though he enjoyed it less. He tried to make English people eat standard bread and wear the *Daily Mail* hat. He promoted flights across the Channel and across the Atlantic. He advocated policies of a simple patriotic kind. But essentially this wielding of power was a nuisance to him, a distraction from the real business of getting out tomorrow's paper.

Take, for instance, the story of Northcliffe's relations with *The Times*. We have all been fascinated by the narrative presented in the *History of The Times:* how Northcliffe bought control and how he then set out to destroy every barrier against his autocratic will. First the 'Old Gang' had to go; then Dawson was driven out; finally Steed was sacked, and Northcliffe meant to run the paper himself as Editor-Proprietor. It is all very dramatic, and quite wrong. Naturally members of *The Times* staff think it the most important paper in the world. Northcliffe did not: he always rated the *Daily Mail* as more important and a better paper, which it was. He did not want power over *The Times*. In his boyish sentimental way, he regarded *The Times* as a national institution, and he wanted to save it, much as he contributed lavishly to the restoration of Westminster Abbey. He did not fight with the 'Old Gang' over power. He fought with them, and got them out, because they were incapable of producing an efficient newspaper. He quarrelled with Dawson over policy. He believed that Dawson was too much in the pocket of the Prime Minister and that he was pro-German. 'I liked Dawson very much. I had nothing against him except that he is just naturally pro-German. He can't help it'. Later events confirmed Northcliffe's opinion. As to Steed, though he was a forceful writer and a brilliant correspondent, he was not a good editor. He committed dangerous indiscretions, one of which (his rash talk in New York) brought undeserved discredit on Northcliffe. Maybe Northcliffe would have done better not to touch *The Times*. But what he did, as the *History* admits, was to put the paper on its feet financially and journalistically. This cost him much money and more worry; it brought him no advantage.

There is also an instructive story here in regard to Northcliffe's political activities. It has to do with the fall of the Asquith coalition in December 1916. On Sunday, 3 December, Asquith and Lloyd George reached an acceptable compromise – Lloyd George to head the war committee, Asquith to remain as nominal Prime Minister. On Monday, 4 December, *The Times* came out with a fierce leader against Asquith. He used this as an excuse to break with Lloyd George; dissolved his government; and provoked a fight which he lost. Asquith alleged that Lloyd George had inspired *The Times* leader. Lloyd George denied it. It is now known that Dawson wrote the leader quite independently after a visit to Cliveden – inspired perhaps by Carson, certainly not by Lloyd George. But Northcliffe had seen Lloyd George on 3 December. Surely they must have conspired against Asquith? Both men denied it; they even hinted that they had not actually conversed. What was their guilty secret? It is now out; and is funny, though not at all guilty. Lloyd George was insuring against failure. Being a poor man, he wanted a contract to write political articles for the *Daily Mail* and American papers. Northcliffe negotiated the contract. By 6 December Lloyd George was Prime Minister. Naturally he did not wish to confess that he had envisaged failure, still less that he had proposed to write for the *Daily Mail*. Nor did Northcliffe wish to confess that he had missed a catch. Hence, on 8 December, 'Lord Northcliffe sees no advantage in any interview between him and the Prime Minister at this juncture'.

Of course Northcliffe had political views and expressed them strongly. He threw all his weight into winning the war just as he did into making the *Daily Mail* a success. He did his best to drive Kitchener from the War Office over the shell shortage, even though he had backed the appointment in the first place. He made a tremendous contribution to Anglo-American friendship by his visit to the United States in 1917. He probably helped to destroy Austria-Hungary by his conduct of Enemy Propaganda. Those who denounced Northcliffe's political line really disliked his attitude towards Germany. It all depends on the point of view. The reporting of Germany in the *Daily Mail* before 1914 was, in fact, more accurate than that in the high-minded Liberal press. For that matter, his insistence on reparations, however mistaken economically, was more straightforward than that of the politicians who had preached hatred of Germany and were now buttering her up for use against Russia. 'They will beat you yet, those Junkers' disturbed tender consciences. It proved to be true.

The real dislike of Northcliffe did not spring from politics. It sprang from resentment against his journalistic success. He was accused of playing down to popular taste, of giving people what they wanted. This was untrue. He set his face sternly against vulgarity or sensationalism. He did not allow 'rupture' or 'constipation' in an advertisement. He complained: '*Merry and Bright*, No. 3. The front page is occupied by a fat man and an over-developed young woman . . . On page 6 there is a man holding a revolver'. What Northcliffe did was to give people papers which they were eager to buy, better papers in every class than those offered before. His technical innovations were two. First, he exploited the paragraph – the short, quickfire presentation which makes modern newspapers readable, the greatest advance in communication since the abandonment of Latin for English. Second, he provided accurate information of every kind. He himself read every number of each of his papers. He spotted mistakes in the advertising columns – a WANTED appearing under FOR SALE. He told his reporters to find out whether the queues outside Maypole Dairy shops were a 'crude form of advertising'. Either he was reading newsprint or asking questions. No wonder that he had little aptitude for private life. For good or ill, he remained a zestful, overgrown schoolboy, his exaggerated affection for 'the Mother' now as embarrassing as Peter Pan. He liked to be called The Chief; and *Chief* appeared invariably as the signature of his letters. This is supposed to be an importation of

* *Northcliffe*. By REGINALD POUND and GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH. *Cassell*. 42s.

'chief editor' from the United States. Was there not in it also a touch of Red Indian glamour? Northcliffe liked war-paint and blood-curdling howls. But he also made English newspapers the best in the world; and he established the Freedom of the Press on the only firm foundation – the great principle that Freedom must be paid for like everything else and that newspapers have a right to exist only if they can meet their bills.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Reflections

CONTENT

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar; it reproduces what it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists.—SHELLEY

Content? Content. Let be what will,
As content, this strange Stage fulfil,
Aiding its Forms to represent
What may not otherwise be meant.
Let be the scene that Veil could hide
Of Paradise or parricide.
Calm the supernal Light let shine
Clothing the Wreck of the Design.
Under its spare Admonishment
We decorate our Discontent
With better than a coat of paint.

MANIFOLD MOTION

Philosophers ador'd the Night, accounting it to have some great Mystery and Deity in it: PETER STERRY

Taught for a moment, by Discomfiture,
Gave up and took the treasure to the Dump.
Found, then, the drainage had to foul the Pump.
Give up! Clear out! One endless Overture.

Every Arrival this; and every Departure,
Leaping from rotting strength to iron stump,
With all at stake in each blindfolding jump.
Homecoming this: lighting out at a venture.

Twirl'd up aloft in limitless endeavour
To be sunk back, as soon, below the least.
Caught between choices scissor-set to sever
The toiling thread. From that cocoon released,
Firefly headlighted to annul whatever
Night I flit through: ignorant as a priest.

I. A. RICHARDS

Natural Selection

Poets feed on each other's garden:
Gazelles, they nibble over the wall
The green flavour of alien trees,
Dangerous sunflowers, hydrangea heads.

Unscrupulous, they eye each other, certain
The other perceives his secret love,
Wears the same dark diving bell:
Exploring undersea, while talking loud above.

Poets cannot be sailors
But go submarine
Handling the coral as a connoisseur
Shaking the seaweed from a labyrinthine lair—
They know each other as a silver fin
Salutes in the green gloom
Its flashing, phosphorous kin.

DOROTHY LIVESAY

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THE BODLEY HEAD · MAX REINHARDT

The View from Bournemouth East

The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden. By RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden shows signs of having been hastily botched together for a pressing publisher. The first 170 pages of it are a quite well written record of Sir Anthony's pre-war career as a junior architect of appeasement – until he had the good fortune to be forced out of office by Mr Neville Chamberlain. After this it looks as though Mr Churchill gave up trying to write a book. Five years in the War Cabinet, five years in opposition and four years as Sir Winston's Foreign Secretary are covered in just 24 pages, after which we are given Mr Churchill's version of the Suez fiasco. No attempt is made to set Sir Anthony's fall against the background of such episodes as his signature of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty (1936), his responsibility for the disastrous Greek campaign (1941), his creation of the Arab League (1944) or his attitude during the Abadan crisis (1951). What we get, in fact, is a typically Randolphian work of art – a torso roughly yet ably carved in stone and the rest of the figure botched together with scissors and paste.

As one would expect, each chapter of the second part is an erratic mixture of shrewd inside journalism and sheer slapdashery. As an example of the former, I would quote the admirably informative pages devoted to explaining the feud between Lady Pamela Berry and Clarissa Churchill, and the chapter on the tragi-comedy of Commander Crabb and the Russian cruisers. As for inaccuracies, what is one to make of a contemporary historian who tells us that Mr Butler

> had been subjected to an increasingly gruelling time at the Treasury for upwards of four years, while trying to cope with the deteriorating economic situation.

Mr Churchill's knowledge of French domestic politics is equally scanty:

> The inner cabinet consisted of M. Mollet, the French Prime Minister, M. Pineau, the Foreign Minister, M. Bourgès-Manoury, the Defence Minister, M. Lacoste, Minister Resident for Algeria, and M. Chaban-Delmas, Minister without Portfolio. M. Mollet was an unusual man to have in this company, for as a Socialist he had little in common with his four other colleagues, who were all right-wing De Gaullists.

I would have thought the proof-readers would have been kind enough to point out to Mr Churchill that M. Pineau and M. Lacoste are both long-standing members of the French Socialist Party.

Yet this is a book which anyone interested in politics will want to possess – for two reasons. In the first place, the portrait of Sir Anthony – cruel and often grossly unfair – is yet true to life. Mr Churchill quotes his Tacitus – *Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset* – on his title page, only to belie the quotation in his narrative. For the truth is that almost everyone who knew Sir Anthony at close quarters – whether as a subordinate in the Foreign Office or as a colleague in the Cabinet – agreed that he was a competent diplomat and a skilled parliamentarian in the Baldwinian tradition; but when presented with power, incapable of firm decision. In Liddell Hart's admirably chosen words, Sir Anthony Eden managed to impart to the ill-fated Suez expedition that atmosphere of 'hopeful haze' in which his whole political life was lived. It was his fatal defect as a leader that any colleague who came to him requiring a firm decision would be fobbed off with a display of peevish petulance or even worse, of self-pity at the unkind fates conspiring to upset the even tenor of his career.

That Sir Anthony had none of the qualities for the premiership was well known inside the Tory oligarchy long before his nerve failed at Suez. Indeed, the only Tory who wanted to see him succeed Sir Winston was Sir Winston himself. Filial piety is one of Randolph Churchill's few virtues, and it is pleasant to observe how unaware he remains that his indictment of Sir Anthony is in large part an indictment of his father for his incurable tendency to give important jobs to everyone who worked with him in Opposition.

At the conclusion of his chapters on the Suez venture, Mr Churchill appends a paragraph of praise for Paul Johnson's brilliant *The Suez War*, which was published in January 1957. His own book, written two years later, adds very little and is not nearly so well written. We can, however, pick up a few scraps of information about the politics of the affair. We are told, for example, that the Ministers in the know, apart from Sir Anthony, were Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Mr Butler, Mr Macmillan and Lord Salisbury; and that Mr Anthony Head attended more frequently than Sir Walter Monckton, who was titular Minister of Defence until the last fortnight. As for collusion, Mr Churchill states categorically that on 10 October 'the nature of the Franco-Israeli discussions was revealed to some of the British Ministers and staff officers concerned with Operation Musketeer', and he adds, 'The proof that there was collusion is massive and conclusive.' Unfortunately, he does not reveal what this proof is. Finally, in answer to the question why the expedition was halted, he gives a detailed and circumstantial account of American financial pressure on the pound. Apparently Mr Macmillan, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been so busy on the Suez venture that he failed to observe our dwindling gold reserves. At the last moment he asked Washington for a loan of a thousand million dollars by telephone at four o'clock in the morning. According to Mr Churchill, it was the answer that the loan would only be available if Britain accepted the cease-fire by midnight that settled the issue.

Mr Churchill concludes:

> The main justification of the writing of contemporary history is that folly may be exposed, that the lesson may be learnt and that wiser counsels may prevail in the future.

But what are the lessons he would have us learn from the Suez venture? It is Mr Churchill's contention that, having willed the right end – the overthrow of Nasser – Sir Anthony did not will the means sufficiently ruthlessly. But if his only crime was failure, it is absurd to denounce collusion as immoral or to wax indignant about the decision to diddle poor old Ike. At one point Mr Churchill claims that he is 'prepared to stand in a white sheet and admit that he was wrong' about Suez. But in this book there are few signs of repentance. Indeed, he reveals himself as just another of the angry old men who cannot reconcile themselves to the dwindling number of square inches marked red on Mercator's projection. 'Sir Anthony Eden', he writes,

> cannot be absolved from complicity in a general decline of British power and a progressive diminution of British authority and safety which are scarcely paralleled in any other period in British history, save perhaps in those of Charles II and of Ethelred the Unready.

In this passage Mr Churchill is referring to the Thirties, but his words apply with much greater force to the post-war period of Tory government, from 1951 until today, of which Sir Anthony's premiership was merely one episode. Indeed, I am willing to predict that Mr Churchill's next book will be entitled *The Rise and Fall of Harold Macmillan.*

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CHRISTINE ARNOTHY

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JULIAN SYMONS, SUNDAY TIMES

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Foreign Devils

The Siege at Peking. By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

In the summer of 1900 the foreign legations in Peking were half-heartedly besieged for fifty-five days by hostile Chinese soldiery. It was a very irregular siege by any accepted military standard. The defence was conducted by soldiers and sailors of eight different nationalities obeying the representatives of eleven sovereign nations, while nobody seemed to be in actual command of the attack. The Chinese fired off an immense amount of ammunition but never launched a determined assault. For some days there was even an inexplicable truce. Yet what fighting there was conveyed a sinister implication: no quarter was given on either side; and the defence was never in the usual position of a besieged garrison. They could never surrender: if they laid down their arms they would all have been promptly massacred. At the same time the beleaguered Europeans were never inclined to fear the worst because they lived in unwarranted hopes of immediate rescue. When the international relief force at last went into action and fought its way through to Peking the survivors of the siege compensated themselves for their prolonged anxieties by shamelessly looting the portable property of their erstwhile besiegers, and later by writing self-flattering accounts of their harrowing experiences.

Mr Fleming takes full advantage of this abundance of personal memoirs in describing the day-by-day existence of these cooped-up diplomats in their strange predicament. As the whole business ended happily for the main personages concerned (except for the German Minister whose murder by a Boxer triggered off the hostilities) he treats the siege more like a rollicking adventure story than a grim episode in history. And, since the responsible participants are all dead by now, he is under no obligation to spare the feelings of any living person. The French Minister, for instance, disgraced himself by his cowardice; the American Minister and the Russian Minister spent their time walking about; the Italian sat chatting with his beautiful wife in her *chaise-longue* and continued to dress for dinner; the Spaniard went to bed ill; and the British Minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, after getting himself appointed Commander-in-Chief of the 400-strong defence force, found difficulty in persuading any of his colleagues to obey any orders. It is hardly surprising that the professional diplomats failed to rise to the level of this unparalleled event; they had been dispatched to China to wrangle over spheres of influence with each other, not to fight for their lives. But the admirals and generals who were sent from the coast to relieve Peking likewise failed to distinguish themselves. Admiral Seymour turned back after getting half way because he lost his trains and could not proceed without them. Then a wicked *Daily Mail* correspondent in Shanghai sent out a sensational dispatch to the effect that the legations had fallen and all the occupants had been murdered and therefore there was no one left to be relieved. When this fiction was disproved by a message smuggled out from the besieged saying 'Make haste', the international army would still have tarried interminably waiting for reinforcements, had not a mild walrus-moustached Englishman, General Gaselee, shamed the rest into action, by announcing that he would start by himself next day. The Chinese opposition proved negligible; and within ten days the relieving troops were in Peking and the looting could begin.

After the siege squabbles broke out between the various nations engaged as to who had behaved best and worst under the ordeal. The conduct of the Japanese alone met with universal approbation. In the fighting the Japanese did exactly what they said they would do and never turned tail; in diplomacy they held aloof from the endless jockeying for position in which the Europeans indulged. Mr Fleming, although he takes a pleasantly detached view of such old international rivalries, cannot refrain from emphasising some typical national characteristics: the French display vanity, the Germans arrogance, the Americans insensitiveness, the Russians stubbornness, while the English are just ludicrous, and the Chinese remain utterly mysterious. He can throw no further light on the great Chinese mystery. Why did the old Empress support the fanatical Boxer subjects and play with the mad idea of exterminating all the foreign devils within her reach? Perhaps she was prepared to believe in the magical invulnerability of her Boxers until events disproved it, as Mr Fleming seems to think. Or perhaps she just liked the Boxer battle-cry 'Sha! Sha!' (Kill! Kill!) and wanted to see it put into practice. She was a bloodthirsty old woman.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Paperbacks from America include *The American Presidency*, by Clinton Rossiter, *The Religions of Man*, by Huston Smith, and *The Origins of Oriental Civilization*, by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr. (Muller, 4s. each).

*'Need I also dwell on the lesser idols now slowly mouldering: on sick, muddle-headed, sex-mad D. H. Lawrence who wrote sketches for poems, but nothing more; on poor tortured Gerard Manley Hopkins'**

***ROBERT GRAVES**

dared to say this in his Cambridge Clark Lectures on Poetry now reprinted as a Pelican

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The Dying Animal

No Room in the Ark. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

There has in the past been so great a volume of literature about Africa and its big game – ranging from the purely bloodthirsty to the purely photographic, from titles like *Fifty Years of Sport and War* (though that classic title came, I believe, from India) to those such as *With My Camera among Africa's Big Game* – that there might seem little room for an amateur's account of three journeys through the game reserves and the headwaters of the Nile: illustrated, moreover, by photographs that are not his own.

Yet in *No Room in the Ark* Mr Moorehead demonstrates the fallacy of this assessment, for he has produced an almost cinematic vision of the country through which he travelled and of the people and animals that inhabit it. Though the main theme of the book is the dwindling big game of Africa and the problems of conservation, it will be read with pleasure by many who have no natural interest in these subjects, for the freshness and selectivity of Mr Moorehead's eye, his dry and unselfconscious humour, and the wealth of anecdote with which his narrative is enlivened. (As a criterion of one-upmanship the veteran sportsman's thrown-away line 'I have still never seen a rhino in any other position except coming at me head on' is likely to remain long unchallenged). Mr Moorehead called, for example, on

> the reigning chief, a man who speaks English but lives in a kraal of native huts and on occasion receives visitors mounted on the back of a warrior. He was unable to see us, however; a polite message was sent out saying that the country was suffering from drought and that he was making rain. It fell that night – four inches to be exact – and it turned half Swaziland into a quagmire of impassable black mud.

It is also reassuring to know that somewhere in Africa there is a lake called Opotipot. Mr Moorehead has a nice turn of simile; his mongooses vanish 'very suddenly, posting themselves like letters in a pillar-box' among the holes in the anthills, and the storks alight 'in such numbers that the acacia trees looked as though they had come out in white blossom, an oddly Japanese effect.'

Yet there are curious sentences that get lost and arrive disconcertingly at anticlimax: 'Such scenes are beautiful beyond belief, and they fill one with an intense love of Africa at times.' (Did the *New Yorker* and the *Sunday Times* really print that, one wonders?) The natural history is necessarily potted, though lively and informative, and, in so far as I can judge, accurate; but, strangely, his references to the frontal cicatrices of the Nilotic tribes suggest that he does not recognise them as the scars of a general and well-known ritual initiation. The only flagrant inaccuracy I have detected in the book is, however, contained in the captions to four consecutive photographs of a lioness and an impala buck, and this is, perhaps, a lesson in the perils of using other people's photographs. The photographs, one of which appeared in a Sunday paper some years ago over the similarly misleading caption of 'The Lioness misses her Kill', show an impala buck in mid-air above a lioness who has apparently missed him. In fact it was not the lioness but the caption-writer who missed the kill; for these are stills from a very remarkable film sequence; the lioness, who had sent her cubs to drive a herd of impala to her, completely ignored the leader, the buck, keeping her eyes glued to the second antelope, a doe, which she then killed with machine precision – and which is, in fact, visible as a blur in the last picture Mr Moorehead reproduces. He follows, however, the 'missed kill' heresy. The illustrations are, by the way, magnificent, and eight of them are in colour, so perhaps one should not grumble too much if one is wholly misleading. On the whole this is a very rewarding book.

GAVIN MAXWELL

RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL

The rise & fall of Sir Anthony EDEN

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The Man from Bengal

A Passage to England. By NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

If you read *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, you must have wished for Mr Chaudhuri to write this book. The brilliant earlier work described his life until about ten years ago. He is as old as the century, born modestly in a village of Bengal, an educated man but not an intellectual, passionately interested in politics and the arts but not involved in them, obsessed above all else by the idea of England: what she is and what she has done to India. Mr Chaudhuri's writing has an extraordinary resonance: the story of his life strikes echoes in unexpected places. When the autobiography was published in 1951, he had never visited England. To its great credit, the BBC invited him to do so in order to write some talks about what he saw. *A Passage to England* is his full account of that visit.

Mr Chaudhuri was in England for five weeks only, but he came prepared by a lifetime of reading and enquiry. When he got his first sight of the Kentish coast from the aeroplane, he recognised Margate at once. He was determined not to be a tourist but instead 'to go about like a man visiting the houses of his friends, where many things were to be seen and learnt . . .' He was stuffed with advance information, and mumbled quotations to himself at any provocation, yet he always kept a beautiful openness. He has a poetical mind with a sceptical turn, and the English are lucky to have come under his shrewd, peeled gaze. He is best at direct observation, and he writes like an angel.

> When after loitering for some time I reached the corner of Great George Street and Parliament Street, I saw a very striking apparition – a tall, well-built man in a neatly pressed dark overcoat, wearing a bowler hat and holding an umbrella in his hand. He looked like a Cabinet Minister of my conception, but was not walking with the long strides I had seen them taking when going down to the House, in the pictures in the illustrated papers. This man was walking slowly, almost absent-mindedly. 'Must be an agent of the New Tyranny – an English civil servant', I said to myself. As I walked on farther, more bowler hats and umbrellas began to make their appearance, and I was able to discover that there were bowler hats and bowler hats, and umbrellas and umbrellas, which piece of observation enabled me later to buy a really good umbrella, although to my great regret I could not acquire a bowler hat.

Why he could not buy that hat is a tantalising and perhaps painful question. Mr Chaudhuri sees everything with the same hallucinatory accuracy. He is hardly ever fey in the style of his countrymen. His mentors sent him on the usual round: lunch at the House of Commons; Stratford and *Sailor, Beware!;* Oxford, Canterbury and Bristol; the Hyde Park orators and Earl Russell; a WEA centre, a social worker, and a lot of museums. On all these he cast a bright eye, by no means innocent but never blasé. Prepared by much study of the reproductions in art books, he saw Bath as a Mediterranean city: '. . . the only thing which was alien was the Abbey.' Knole appeared a fairy castle: 'I half expected to meet Puss-in-Boots in the passage.' Like all visitors from the great spaces, he was amazed by the domesticated look of the English countryside. Indeed one of the pleasures of the book is the way Mr Chaudhuri constantly sets the English scene against the Indian one. For instance, it wasn't long before he came up against English speechlessness. After Calcutta, life in London seemed to him like an endless silent film. Once a man spoke to him in the train: it was an Irishman, of course. At home it had been a different matter:

> In India people seem to have very great difficulty in keeping steady in moving vehicles, and therefore they lean against one another or put their arms round a fellow-passenger. If anyone wants to know the time and has not got a watch he simply takes up the left hand of another passenger and looks at his wrist-watch. I wear mine on the under side, and therefore I have my wrist twisted. So far as newspaper reading is concerned, the fellow-passengers never snatch away anybody's paper, but they take the pages he is not reading, in the most polite manner, and distribute them among themselves. These are, however, scrupulously returned. Books are often tugged at. One day a fellow-passenger pulled hard at an edition of the Gita I was holding in my hand, and when I did not let go, but objected, he said angrily, 'You have got a holy book in your hand and you are behaving like this! I don't want your book.'

Unfortunately, as he goes on Mr Chaudhuri begins to generalise, and he is not so good at this. All the old delusions are paraded again: England is a paradise of the arts; the English mania for sport is morbid; class is the key to English life; English girls are plain; and the rest. However, Mr Chaudhuri is quite amusing about the eternal

weather and charming about the shops: 'actually to go into them was like falling in love after having only read novels.' Acutely, he observes the English love of spending money, and their dotty attitude towards animals. It is when he gets on to the large issues that his inevitable limitations show. He is all wrong about religion, Parliament, the Welfare State, industrialism, and the National Destiny His idea of England as a benign, self-sustaining essentially unchanging organism is a sentimental one. His hopes for the future are pie in the sky *A Passage to England* ends with a fanfare, but a dying fall would seem to some more appropriate

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Christabel Pankhurst

Unshackled. By CHRISTABEL PANKHURST. Edited by LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Years ago at a Fabian Summer School old Aylmer Maude, the translator of Tolstoy, who had known two generations of Russian revolutionaries, spent a happy hour warning a group of young Suffragettes of the occupational risks of such a movement. 'Revolutionaries', he pointed out with much enthralling anecdote, 'start by defying public opinion on a point on which it is wrong, then they get into the habit of ignoring it altogether, and forget that in the vast majority of cases public opinion is right . . . They have nothing left to check their selfishness and folly.' He could not have had a better illustration of his thesis than this highly revealing history of the militant suffrage campaign, written by Christabel Pankhurst about 20 years ago but only found after her death. Lord Pethick-Lawrence has added to his innumerable services to the movement by tactful editing. Factually the book contains little new, for Mr Roger Fulford's well-documented *Votes for Women* covered the ground thoroughly What the present volume does is to explain, unwittingly, how the superb courage and single-minded devotion of Christabel and her mother first brought life to their stagnant cause, and then as most people would judge, nearly destroyed it.

It was no wonder that the Pankhursts had a sense of urgency about the suffrage. Christabel's able but absurdly tactless father had nearly ruined himself for the feminist cause, his wife and daughters had had years of experience of constitutional propaganda. 'Mine was the third generation of women to claim the vote and the vote must now be obtained', writes Christabel peremptorily. Like all of us in the WSPU she regarded the campaign not as a caper but as so many years unjustly filched from one's life. The Liberal programme of social reform added to the urgency rather than diminished it. Were women imbeciles that they should have domestic affairs settled over their heads by people who knew nothing about them no matter what the party label? The Pankhursts' experience of Labour organisations had given them a profound distrust of manhood (as opposed to adult) suffrage and in this they were strongly supported by their followers. Open-air meetings had shown us only too clearly what the proletariat thought of their own women-folk. 'They don't even respect their own mothers', Mrs Pankhurst once commented. Her first great contribution was to start a woman's independent movement deliberately cutting across class, creed and party, a revolution in itself in 1903, and what a joy to work with it was!

Militancy in the sense of defiance of the law Christabel here attributes to the example of the unemployed, but it was the historic precedents set by men seeking votes which were always on our lips. Violence and prison sentences seemed to us the necessary price demanded by the Haves of the Have-nots.

In 1910 came the first indication that the Pankhursts, for all their ability and magnetic force as leaders, had set their feet on a dangerous road. A demand for a more democratic constitution was met by the naive retort from 'Mother and I' that this was a war, that the leaders were generals, and everyone knows generals are accountable to no one! It is true that Hitler and Mussolini had not yet arisen, even Lord Acton's over-worked dictum about power was not yet in circulation, but Christabel should have known better than that. Gradually the critics were eliminated and the inner ring of supporters grew more devoted, more dumb. The fruits of this suicidal policy were seen in grave mistakes in tactics – though it is fair to say that the provocation the women received from politicians over the Conciliation Bill makes my blood race to this day. Christabel's account of her escape to Paris after the arrest of the other leaders, and of her decision to carry on the movement from her exile, is exciting and moving, but her autocratic methods now suggest megalomania rather than responsible statesmanship. No one could be shrewder than Christabel in seeing through the first half of a problem; no one more obtuse and obstinate in seeing through the second half. She is capable of assuring her readers in all sincerity that at the outbreak of war in 1914 there was a 'certainty of speedy victory' and that 'intense propaganda for the vote was daily and hourly increasing'. This can only be described as the reverse of the truth, for propaganda had almost ceased and practically all

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the friends of the movement were in great anxiety about the future. Out of the blue came a happy ending to the wearisome struggle and Christabel, it is now clear, never quite grasped what had happened. Her book reveals a certain emotional immaturity and, apart from a passionate devotion to her mother, it lacks heart. A great figure but hardly great enough to sustain the testing role she had cast for herself.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

New Novels

Oh, Mary, This London. By MICHAEL CAMPBELL. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Waiting for the Sky to Fall. By KENNETH MARTIN. *Chapman & Hall.* 16*s.*

Tempo di Roma. By ALEXIS CURVERS. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

The Fig Tree. By AUBREY MENEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The Endless Road. By ROGER TREAT. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

As the island contracts in the throes of monopolisation, and we all become more alike, so random wandering from class to class and racket to racket gets more restricted. Survivals of the original adventurous picaro type have all gone into public relations. It is still possible, though, to put your hero through an intensive course of varied social milieux in a short time, as Mr Campbell shows in *Oh, Mary, This London.*

Peter is a well-educated young Irish candid, one of the new naively sincere yet dead-pan enamelled models – on the quest for significance, social or spiritual, anywhere and everywhere. His experiences cover the blackboard jungle in Highgate, the SW3 cocktail-party belt, the Mayfair underworld, the Thames valley saloon bar-fly breeding grounds, pony-tailed Bohemian angry camp followers, and, on the north side of the Park, some upper-class relicts, cranky elderly ladies of mystical predelictions and electric vitality. Part of the time he is accompanied by Charles, another far more boisterous compatriot, straight out of the bottle of Dublin with the explosion of the cork still resounding. More often he is on his own, he and his traditional wistful self-deprecatory diffident ego.

The writing is lively and wry, a lot of it genuinely funny, some of it a bit selfconscious. The construction of a novel of this episodic type does not need to be too tight; there is a tendency to ramble towards the end, but no slickness or conformity. Mr Campbell is all integrity; he strains after sociological exactitude like a scientist. Some of his observed group dialogue is brilliant. It has the deathly verisimilitude of Swift's *Polite Conversation.* His best turns are debs' cocktail-party conversation and agony in a saloon bar as 'bored wives, brash husbands, blazers, pipes, pints, handlebar moustaches, regimental ties, polka dot scarves, sports cars, brass pots and bed warmers' start closing in on him.

On the jacket flap of *Waiting for the Sky to Fall* is a photograph of Mr Martin looking about fifteen. He writes in an unusual style for a young man, clear, epithet-free, seemingly precise, yet soft like an aquatint. This his second novel positively reeks of promise, but I wish his characters made impressions as distinct as his sentences. They have an elusive habit of fading like rain-washed handwriting. There are a lot of them, almost too many for focused narrative interest. They are nearly all very young latter-day Bohemians. They include the brothers Young: the gentle amorous Perkin who works in a slightly scruffy bookshop and is in love with Meg, an American perpetual student; and Simon, a narcissist inclined to wrecking. There is Julian de la Noy, a musical prodigy, drinking hard; George Tench, a vicious and proud of it club proprietor, and Jonathan who starts to put his head in the gas oven on account of him but thinks better of it. There is also Henry Enfield, the social satirist who sits in his Hampstead garden reading novels 'to see what he has to beat'. They meander aimlessly, have skin-stroking love affairs. The mood is comic on the whole, a bit limp, very generation-conscious: the age of thirty looms like a climacteric denoting senility and impotence. Mr Martin is often naive, sometimes affected, but he eschews vulgarisation and gives you the impression that he is being true to himself. There is real talent here; whether there is enough intelligence to cultivate it will be revealed in the next instalment. Meanwhile anyone who feels as if there were a curtain between him and the younger generation should read this novel.

Tempo di Roma is a long, rather too long perhaps, picaresque story of the traditional pattern, with a post-war Roman setting. The narrator is Jimmy, a young Belgian who drifts southwards from Milan during the last months of the war. He becomes a guide, mixes with crooks, gigolos, honest proletarians, dotty aristocrats, among them an English baronet, and falls in love with the daughter of a waitress. The Roman background is usefully detailed, but there is something not quite satisfactory about the characters and their inter-relationships. Jimmy's personal logistics are sometimes too blurred, too sketchy, like a rough draft.

Mr Menen goes on, as Mr Priestley remarked the other day, writing first novels. Lively and sprightly, they all have good ideas and amusing characters, yet each never quite fulfils the other's promise. *The Fig Tree,* I am afraid, is the least promising so far. Perhaps it will be followed by a second novel in which Mr Menen will have germinated. The fantasy suggests fruitfulness. Harry Wesley, a brilliant biologist with an eye on the world population and food problem, produces in Salerno a new kind of fig tree with immense possibilities as a mass-nutrient. It turns out to be a powerful aphrodisiac. The repercussions involve the Vatican and the College of Cardinals, at top level, as well as a good deal of bedroom sniggering. The joke has its point but it becomes laboured before the two hundredth page. The treatment, coming from Mr Menen who ordinarily approaches everything from an oblique original angle, is banal. A pity nobody warned him he had chosen a notoriously unlucky subject. This will not be the first time an aphrodisiac has proved a disappointment.

Books about alcoholism are nearly always compelling out of proportion to their merit. Perhaps it is something to do with the oral nature of the addiction: drunk-reportage makes drinkable print. *The Endless Road,* by an American journalist who presumably has some first-hand experience, turns out, after making a forbidding first impression as a squalorogical *tour de force,* to be a sincere, and not at all ineffective, didactic novel, a heartfelt boost for Alcoholics Anonymous, running the entire gamut from Scotch to Bourbon. The patients are Chicagoan newspaper men. Pete, an intermittent chronic, vanishes on a monumental blind. His best friend, Jon, an ex-alcoholic, trails him into the lower depths of lushery. He is nearly re-addicted by Pete's wife Mary who puts whisky in his milk for seduction purposes. Pete, meanwhile, has teamed up with another colleague's wife in a fearful bout of alcoholism *à deux.* The AA catchers' van collects them all just in time and so thoroughly has Mr Treat done his work that the reader's tongue will be hanging out for a very dry ginger ale. I can recommend this book as a certain sociological curiosity and a possible prophylactic. Anyone who knows America will tell you that as a case history it is not at all exaggerated, only too typical.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Caves of a Thousand Buddhas

Buddhist Cave Paintings at Tun-Huang. By BASIL GRAY. *Faber.* 6 *gns.*

In Roman times an entrepôt on the Silk Road, Tun-huang had for long been China's main Gateway to the West. Yet to the West it was quite unknown until, almost half a century ago, the finds of Sir Aurel Stein and Paul Pelliot made headline news. From the fifth to the eleventh centuries this rock in an oasis, honeycombed by the Caves of a Thousand Buddhas, was both a thriving hive of religious bees and an art-factory. It is now a national art gallery of some importance, since elsewhere authentic work of the Wei, Sui and T'ang to Sung periods is wanting or hard to come by. Largely artisan work, often faded and repainted, these murals mingle the dynastic styles with strong Central Asian and other Western features. So much we know from copies and reproductions hitherto published. The interest of this magnificent quarto album lies in its selection of seventy plates, of which twenty-four show the

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brilliant colours of the originals. With a few exceptions they are all from the recent photographs by Mr and Mrs John B. Vincent. A running commentary on each is preceded by Mr Gray's historical introduction and a preface by Mr Waley, whose unique experience enables him to clarify various iconographical and epigraphical conundrums.

The subjects identified vary from portraits and paradises and processions to illustrations of Buddhist mythology and even, as Mr Waley suggests, the dreams of visionaries. Surprisingly fine are such paintings as the ninth-century procession of Chang I-ch'ao, with its mettlesome Farghana horses and serrated leather banners. Striking, too, are such incidental details as the vaulted ceiling of Plate 45, suggesting polychrome crochet-work and in fact derived from a type of textile canopy. Climate and inaccessibility have preserved these superb works. So far there is no sign that political iconoclasm will destroy them; but it is good to have them so well recorded.

HUGH GORDON PORTEOUS

Shorter Reviews

Wellingtonian Studies. Edited by MICHAEL HOWARD. *Wellington College.* 7*s.*

Wellington College was opened one hundred years ago as a memorial to the great Duke in the form of an orphanage for the sons of officers. In centenary tribute, five essays about him have been published – a neatly printed little book – by the governors of the college. Apart from their theme, the contributors have in common the fact that they are all both historians and Old Wellingtonians. One might add that they al' write urbanely, knowledgeably and without false piety: most polished orphans, indeed. The Hon. G. R. St Aubyn praises Wellington as a man. Mr Piers Mackesy portrays Wellington the general (vigorous yet level-headed). Sir Harold Nicolson views him as a diplomatist (decent and moderate). These are competent enough assessments. There is also a more searchingly academic estimate by Mr M. G. Brock of Wellington as a political leader ('His party suffered from his blunders: his country did not'). Finally, in the book's best essay Mr Michael Howard brilliantly sums up the Duke's place in the history of the British army.

Though Wellington is shown to have had good, conservative reasons for resisting reform in his old age, Mr Howard will not allow him to escape so easily: 'an appalled British public . . . discovered, as it watched the progress of operations in the Crimea, that the Army of Queen Victoria was still in all essentials the Army of George III.' This, Mr Howard suggests, was the price paid for the Duke's victories over Napoleon. Military reorganisation, to the Duke and to many of his associates, seemed neither necessary nor feasible; and so 'the Army remained one of the last uncleared sections of the great jungle of British institutions which the disciples of Bentham laboured so heroically to level.' One feels that the Duke – certainly a hero in his own way – would not have minded these straight words from an Old Wellingtonian.

M. F. C.

The Study of Man. By MICHAEL POLANYI. *Routledge* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Michael Polanyi's vast book on *Persona Knowledge* challenged the view that science is essentially a dispassionate and impersonal enquiry. Instead he argued that in all knowledge there is an indispensable personal element. These are darker sayings than is at first apparent, so that it is a help to have this short introductory statement to the larger work. Even so, the argument ranges very widely, skirting in usually controversial fashion topics as diverse as the determinism of Laplace, the assumptions of physiology and the nature of historical explanation. Here Polanyi attempts to give an account of historical explanation which does not make history entirely distinct from the natural sciences, but which does not assimilate it to them either. The extreme brevity of his account necessarily makes it unclear. It will be sad if the prolixity of the earlier book and the condensed argument of this one combine to make Polanyi's thought obscure to his readers.

A.M.

The Scientist and You. Edited by MAURICE GOLDSMITH. *Blackie.* 25*s.*

The Scientist and You has good intentions: it sets out to give 'young persons . . . a wider understanding of the role of science in society today' and, more ambitiously, 'to show that we ourselves determine the technology that shapes our lives'. I think it fails to do the first, and hardly begins to do the second. It consists of six very ordinary essays on applied science sandwiched between one on astronomy and one on careers. The contributors are a mixed lot: they include four elderly and distinguished scientific knights, of whom only Sir John Russell seems to have tried very hard; and other less well-known authors, none of whom makes an outstanding contribution. A pervasive impression is of lazy writing: points are made imprecisely, apparently to avoid giving the authors the trouble of finding out the facts, and there are a few howlers: Michael Faraday is given a knighthood and para-aminobenzenesulphonamide is described as a brick-red dye, which it isn't. Moreover, the editing is slack: the same information and even the same quotations are allowed to appear in different essays. The real reason for the failure is more radical than all this, however. It is that to write well about science and society, you need to have a coherent view of society as well as of science, and this book lacks such a view. It is particularly disappointing because there is a need for a good up-to-date book with the same intentions.

T.L.C.

Week-End Competition

No. 1,531 **Set by William Salter**

The usual prizes are offered for the best sets of three maxims ('A general truth drawn from science or experience' – OED). Example: 'Always keep a hat in the house: a Jew may wish to take an oath'. Entries by Monday, 6 July.

Result of No. 1,528 **Set by Longstop**

'I just couldn't stand more cricket' a Test cricketer's ex-fiancée is reported to have said. Competitors are incited to write a Blast against Cricket in either heroic couplets or *vers libre.* Limit, 16 lines.

Report

Cricket-haters were many and enthusiastic but not, alas, always particularly witty or strongly vehement in their invective. Sadly, it must be admitted the heroic couplets tended to limp, though there were good lines. I liked Stanley J. Sharpless's:

A teased-out ballet, painfully long-drawn,
Which earns the passing tribute of a yawn.

Vers libre seemed to come easier. Marky provided a nice echo of *archy and mehitabel* and Gloria Prince an amusing bit of Gertrude Stein. R. Kennard Davis had a good ending:

A straight bat and the Ablative Absolute
Are the two things necessary for Salvation.

All these win commendations, as do J. A. Lindon and Lyndon Irving. Prizes for the entries printed.

A fool and half-hearted I to the cricket-field,
The June winds blueing my nose, ear biting.
Beneath my behind a seat unyielding, dew-dank,
Mortuary cold and hard as iron.
The greensward glistens like an old man's whiskers in winter;
Besides the wickets' bosomy hummocks of sawdust.
There is no sound; only the wind is alive,
Fluttering before it a little boy's empty bun-bag,
Fluttering without escape, like the umpire's coat-tails.
Plunk! The red ball hits the yellow bat and bounds towards us,
The fielder's footsteps squelch as he runs to retrieve it.
I look into your eyes, camerado; our gaze meets.
They understand each other. We, too, know one another.
It is not necessary that they shall understand us.
Our gaze meets and turns to another horizon.
Allons! We rise and make for the beer tent . . .

W. G. DAISH

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To stun the umpire into saying 'Out!';
Who, in a fix, appeal against the light
(Where's sportsmanship, so the result be right?);
Fieldsmen who gesture with malignant glare,
And chuck the ball up when no catch was there;
Youngsters, at school a year ago, or less,
Puffed into stardom by a screaming Press;
Who but must laugh at such ephemeral fame?
Who would not weep if cricket were this game?

A. M. ROBERTSON

Oh stupid girl, you are not paying attention
as you stand there in the deep field
with averted eyes unlit by the lust for laurels,
counting the hours till dusk.
It seems you are deaf to the splendid thwack of ball
glancing off bat and stunning the wicket keeper;
to the cries of exultation that rise when a batsman
limps from the field, dismissed l.b.w.
by Sybil's subtle underarm googly.
So now you will take Celia's place behind the wicket,
and there you will find few opportunities
for indulging in morbid dreams about deep troughs of low pressure
or meditating upon the nature of time.
You will thank me later in life, for it would be most surprising
if even an elementary knowledge of this game
could not be put to some use some day.

BARBARA ROE

City Lights

Just Made for Two

GRANDMA has been helping governments to look foolish for so long that she can now do it without thinking. Take this Suez – can we ever forget Sir Anthony? – business. The British government, thanks to Rothschilds and Disraeli, was once the largest shareholder in the Suez Canal Company; that company, despite the disappointed investors who are now seeking to have it wound up, used the confiscation of its main asset as an excuse for turning itself into an investment company with a particular interest in the French Sahara; the British government is now the largest shareholder (less so, thanks to perfidious Gaul) in the Suez Finance Company. Well, the Suez Finance Company is entitled to compensation from Colonel Nasser of £29m, £5m to begin with and six annual payments of about £4m. The initial £5m was received some time ago, and the company, anxious for the tax position of French shareholders, decided that the greater part of this compensation should be dished out in the form, not of cash, but of shares in an investment trust subsidiary–SIM – which had been established some years before to get the company's investments out of Egypt. British shareholders discovered that this dodge, however useful to the French, let them in for tax on a distribution which should have been tax-free, and the market is still obstinately quoting the shares as if the distribution had never taken place . . . but that is another story. The relevant point here is that the British government, last January, received a third of the SIM shares distributed and found itself a sizeable investor in a French investment trust.

Whether or not it should have held on to these shares is a question for somebody else to answer. One or two people in the City assumed that it would be ready to sell, and quietly offered to buy: the government considered their offers and quietly chose the best. But nobody else knew anything at all about this until last week when Hambros Bank said they had bought the shares.

Nobody knows yet how many people were invited to put in offers for the government's SIM shares: what is certain is that a number of highly respectable institutions who would have been very ready to bid were not asked to do so and are as furious about it as are the main jobbers in the stock, who were not asked to do the business. Cosy transactions of this kind always cause trouble. The government can claim, and probably will claim, that a cosy transaction got it the market price for its holding and that a public offer would have pushed down the price against it. But the Paris market in SIM is extremely thin and the price artificial: the fact that the government got the market price means very little. Moreover the institutional appetite for European investment trusts is so strong at present and the supply of shares so limited that a large block is likely to command a premium over the market rather than a discount: the government could probably have got a better price by inviting bids. The crowning stupidity, in any case, lay in the fact that the successfully cosy bid was put in by Hambros Bank on behalf of Locana Corporation: Sir Charles Hambro is one of Grandma's directors, and both institutions figured prominently in the notorious British Aluminium syndicate.

* * *

Despite Mr. Clore's somewhat delayed decision to call off his bid for Watney's, the disease is spreading. Insurance companies, though nearly as respectable as joint-stock banks, are as anxious for a comfortable life as anyone else; the Commercial Union-North British merger in April demonstrated openly that the large companies are anxious to expand, convinced the middling companies that they must take over or be taken, and turned the general managers of the smaller companies into potential salesmen. A couple of weeks ago, then, Yorkshire Insurance and Scottish Union accepted the trend and announced that their boards had agreed on a merger, Yorkshire taking over Scottish, on terms which both were ready to recommend: so far, so respectable. But last week, quite out of the blue, Norwich Union, one of the largest of the mutual societies, put in a much more attractive counterbid, justifying its swashbuckling attitude by claiming that it had been negotiating with Scottish Union for some time and that the Yorkshire bid had taken it quite by surprise. Yorkshire, whose London spokesman is the chairman of the Association of Investment Trusts, a body very strong on financial etiquette, promptly queried this version of who came first, and an undignified row about the past became only with difficulty an unresolved question about the future. Where building societies led, insurance companies have followed: our most domesticated institutions are now squabbling and cannibalising each other for the first time yet under the pressure of free enterprise competition. The hopeful market is only waiting to know whether Yorkshire will raise its bid and whether any of the various other companies known to be interested in Scottish Union will throw off dignity and join in the scramble.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 502. The Orang-Outang

This, as our more erudite theorists should well know is the name given by Tartakower to (1) P-QKt4; he didn't wish to imply any disrespect for the wild complications likely to arise from this opening, he thoroughly enjoyed it, and even though a fairly substantial book was devoted to it (in Eastern Germany) some years ago, the possibilities of the opening are far from exhausted. It certainly came a cropper, though, when attempted against B. Katz, one of our overseas competitors, in the preliminaries of this year's Israeli championship.

(1) P-QKt4,P-QR4; (2) P-Kt5,P-QB3; (3) P-QB4,P-Q4; (4) PxQP,PxKtP; (5) P-K4,P-Kt5; (6) P-Q4,Kt-KB3; (7) B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2; (8) BxB ch,QxB; (9) P-B3,P-QKt4; (10) Kt-K2,Kt-R3; (11) Kt-Q2,P-R5; (12) Kt-KB4,P-K3; (13) PxP,QxQP; (14) PxP ch!, K-K2!?; (15) R-QKt1,Q-K6 ch; (16) Kt-K2,Kt-B4. Here White resigned, but had Katz played (14) . . . KxP his opponent would have had the resource of (17) Kt-QB4!?,Kt-Q6 ch; (18) QxKt QxQ; (19) Kt-K5 ch, etc.

When a composer spots the germ of a study-variation in a game-position he will just get on with it as Harold Lommer did after these placid opening moves: (1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-K2; (4) P-Q4, PxP; (5) KtxP, Kt-K4. Now, just about to play the obvious (6) B-Kt3, Lommer saw a delightful 'study variation' seven moves hence, if his opponent obliged by countering the problematical with the obvious. Thus (6) Q-K2?!, Kt-B3; (7) Kt-QB3, KtxB; (8) QxKt, KtxP? He *has* obliged, and now the 'study' is all set: (9) KtxKt, P-Q4; (10) Q-Kt5 ch, P-B3; (11) KtxP, and now again the obvious . . . Q-Q2, so as not to lose a pawn. He couldn't see yet that he was about to lose a piece instead. What then was White's 12th move, forcing immediate resignation? This might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Yet another chessbook token goes to R. G. Wade for this pretty King hunt achieved in a simultaneous display: /r1bqkt1ktk/ppp4p/3p4/3Pp1r1/2P1Pp2/2KtB1P2/PP2Kt3/2K1Q1RR/.

(1) RxP ch,KxR; (2) Q-R4 ch,K-Kt3; (3) Kt BP ch,PxKt; (4) P-K5 ch,B-B4; (5) BxB ch,KxB; (6) Q-R6 ch,KxP; (7) R-K1 ch (11) Q-B3 ch,K-R3; (12) Kt-B4 ch,K-Kt5; (10) Q-B2,K-R4 (14) Q-Kt3 ch,K-R3; (15) Q-Kt5 mate.

And here, submitted by C. G. Hilton, a competitor of many years' standing, is his first effort at study-composition: /8/1p6/k5K1/Ppp3P1/p2p4/8/P3P3/8/. White wins by (1) K-B7!, P-Kt5; (2) P-Kt6, P-Kt6; (3) PxP, P-R6; (4) P-Kt7, P-R7; (5) P—Q, P—Q; (6) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt4; (7) QxP ch, KxP; (8) Q-R7 (8) ch, etc. In the key, any other K-move would seem to fail against one or the other of the Black pawns queening with a check.

In the competition, as home-made as it ought to be in a 'Readers' Own' week, **B**, a win, should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points when considering that this neat little piece by one of our Israeli competitors is somewhat inspired by Henri Rinck. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 July.

B: J. Aizikowicz, 1959: /8/2K5/4k3/4Kt3/1p6/1q6/3Q5/.

C: J. W. Lane, 1959: /qr5k/7p/1p3Kt1r/3p2R1/4p3/8/7P/Q5bK/.

REPORT on No. 499. Set 6 June

A: (1) P-Kt6 ch,KxP (forced); (2) R-R6! etc.
B: (1) P-K7,R-R1 (forced); (2) Kt-K6,R-Kt1; (3) Kt-B7!,RxP; 4) Kt-B4 mate.
But *not* (3) Kt-B4 ch??,K-Kt4; (4) Kt-Q6 ch,K-B3; (5) Kt×R K-Q2 and draws.
C: (1) P-R7!,R-Kt7 ch!; (2) K-Kt1! (he must avoid the 3rd rank),R-Kt8 ch; (3) B-Kt1!,RxB ch (forced); (4) K-Kt2,R-K7 ch 5) K-Kt3,R-K6 ch; (6) K-Kt4,R-K5 ch; (7) K-Kt5 etc.
But (1) . . . R-Kt1? would be refuted by (2) B-Kt3 ch, followed by (3) B-Kt8.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Butler, J. W. Lane, C. Sansom, J. J. Walsh.

REPORT on No. 498. Set 30 May

A: (1) RxB!,QxR; (2) Q-K16 etc.
B: (1) P-Q6,K-K3; (2) P-Q7! (K-R7?),KxP; (3) K-R7,B-K7. (4) K-Kt8,B-R3; (5) K-R7,B-B1; (6) K-Kt8 etc.
But not (2) K-R7?,B-B1; (3) P-Q7,BxP! and Black wins.
C: (1) P-Kt3!,R-KKt1; (2) R-QKt4!,P-K5!; (3) R-Kt1,R-Kt4 ch! (4) KxP,R-Kt3 ch; (5) K-R7,P-Q7; (6) P-R4!,P—Q8(Q); (7) RxQ,R-B3ch (8) K-Kt7,R-KB4!; (R-Kt1 ch?); (9) R-QKt1,K-Kt4; (10) R-Kt6! R-K4; (11) R-Kt5 etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, W. H. L. Brooking, J. P. Ford, M. M. Kennedy, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

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ROYAL College of Art, SW7, requires furnished and unfurnished accommodation for married students before September. Rents £3-£5. Bedroom studios welcd. KNI 2441.

YOUNG American scientist and wife desire pleasant flat in central London at reasonable rate, from approx. 20 August-20 Sept. Box 9268.

BACHELOR, 25, serious, univ. degree, seeks bedsitter, preferably some board from 1 Sept. Holborn or near area. Box 9144.

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UNIV. lecturer on leave Africa reqs furn. house flat preferably London area July-September. Mod. rent. Box 9395.

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EXCHANGE. Schoolmaster, roomy house 10 mins sea would consider exchange few weeks Aug.-Sept. with not too destructive family. Wanted country, river, woods, and room four children 8-13. Asher, 6 Hurst Rd, Eastbourne.

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WHERE TO STAY continued

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A FEW immediate vacancies in 'Britain's Best Climate' & till 18 July. Also top flr rms for 'Under 40's'. From 7 gns. incl. Simple wgtn fare if desired. Write for specimen menus & illus brochures, or phone Hastings 4784. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Our hotel is 98 paces from beach. Free use beach hut.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. 9 gns. early July, early Aug. 9½-12 gns.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages. 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

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PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study; good cuisine, recomm.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

SHOLOKOV'S 'They Fought for Their Country'. The latest novel by the author of 'And Quiet Flows the Don', etc., is exclusively serialised in 'Soviet Literature' Nos 7 & 8, 1959. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. from Central Books Ltd, 37 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

UMBRELLAS for sale. Only 2s. each. Well-designed. Good covers. Suit young literary gentlemen. Post free from 97 Little Park St, Coventry.

TAKE-OVER bids: Vickers; Price of drugs etc. Labour Research 9d. (11d. post free). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

LABOUR and the Bomb: July Notes of the Month, R. P. Dutt: 'The Road to Brighton Pier' reviewed by D. N. Pritt, QC, in 'Labour Monthly' 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly, post free. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6907.

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BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS continued

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt. Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959-60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s 6d. from all booksellers.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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HUNTINGDONSHIRE Education Committee. Orton Hall School. Appointment of Resident Assistant House-mother. Lady with some home nursing experience required for the above residential post at the Orton Hall School, Orton Longueville, near Peterborough. Duties to commence September, 1959. Salary scale £370 x £15 (2) x £20 (2) per annum (less residential emoluments valued at £116 per annum). Applications by letter, stating age and experience to be accompanied by two testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned as soon as possible. Ian C. Currey, Director of Education, County Education Offices, Gaveley House, Huntingdon.

MANAGER required for Collet's Hampstead Bookshop. Apply in writing: Collet's, 45 Museum Street, WC1.

More Appointments Vacant on Page 906

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.905

EDUCATED WOMEN

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BBC requires Further Education Liaison Officer, Talks Division (Sound). Duties consist of maintaining and developing contacts in the world of Further Education and contributing through field research to programme planning. Successful candidate also required to familiarise himself with production of educational programmes for adults in Sound and Television, so as to act as channel of information between BBC and its public; will work as member of Further Education Group. Wide personal interests and experience in some form of Further Education essential. University degree and some experience of sociological research desirable. This post should appeal particularly to those with interest in radio techniques and in study of mass communication. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1157 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

FAMILY Casework. Family Service Units established new Units in Oldham and South London last year. There are now 13 units in London and provincial cities and further extensions are planned. Vacancies for new workers, including some senior posts, will occur through the year. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. (maximum) for casework supervisors. Students and experienced Social Workers who would like to know more about the possibility of taking part in FSU's work are invited to get in touch with the Organising Secretary, David Jones, at 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau requires temporary typist. Please call 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn). TEM 6644.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST John's and Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St. John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St. John's Hospital, a Mental Hospital with 860 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologist required to assist with organisation and conduct of the Council's Schools' Psychological Service. Particular fields of work in special boarding schools and day classes for Maladjusted Children and in Remedial Classes for Retarded Children. Teachers' Centre with Department for Remedial Education offers opportunities for lecturing and specialization in remedial work. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in Educational Psychology. Special consideration given to candidates with experience in field of local authority work and ability to lecture. £1,040–£1,605; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms with details from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/T), County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 30 June. (1319).

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced Social Workers (Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work), required to recruit, train and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with schoolchildren in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. £625–£830; commencing according to qualifications and experience. Posts temporary but normally lead to permanency. Application forms, returnable by 3 July with details from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/E), County Hall, London, SE1 (1326).

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ROOM At The Top for you through Winifred Johnson, Secretarial Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL 0390.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Initial salary within the scale: Lecturer £900 x £50 to £1,350 x £75 to £1,650 p.a.; Assistant Lecturer £700 x £50 to £850 p.a.; with FSSU and family allowances. Applications (six copies) to be sent not later than 4 July, 1959, to the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Hull. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship in Economics, tenable from 1 October, 1959. Salary scale—Assistant Lecturer £700 to £850; Lecturer £900 to £1,650 per annum; with FSSU and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (five copies) should be sent not later than 6 July, 1959. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturers/Senior Lecturers in Education. Applications are invited for two new positions of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Education. Salary: £A1,500 x 90–£A2,100 (Lecturer); £A2,100 x 80–£A2,600 (Senior Lecturer). In addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close, in Australia and London, on 31 July, 1959.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. Duties to commence on 1 October, 1959, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scales per annum are as follows: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850; initial salary and status according to age, qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 6 July, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Clinical Psychology in the Department of Psychiatry of the Faculty of Medicine. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology with additional training or experience in Clinical Psychology; opportunities exist for study for a higher degree. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 with membership of FSSU, and Children's Allowance Scheme; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 12 July, 1959, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologists. There are two vacancies for Educational Psychologists to work mainly in the South and South-East of the County. These are permanent full-time posts on Soulbury Grade II, at present £1,207 10s. 0d. (for man) or £1,168 10s. 0d. (for women), rising to £1,470. Suitably qualified men and women, preferably having a good Honours Degree in Psychology, or equivalent, with recognised clinical training and experience of educational and child guidance work, are invited to obtain further particulars from the Director of Education, to whom a completed application form should be returned by 10 July. J. L. Longland, Director of Education, County Offices, Matlock.

SUPERINTENDENT and Matron required at cottage-type home in Sidcup, Kent, for about 340 children (aged between 2 and 15 years) deprived of normal home life. Superintendent—Position calls for person with sound practical knowledge of modern child care, interested in future developments in this field, able at the same time to run a complex organisation and direct with skill and understanding the work of over 100 staff, assisted by a deputy superintendent, a matron and assistant matron, and office staff. £940—£1,170. Annual leave—8 weeks incl. Bank Holidays. Matron—Generally responsible to Superintendent for housekeeping and domestic arrangements of home (including catering and clothing). Should be able to advise on problems affecting older girls. IMA diploma or similar qualification an advantage. £665—£815. Annual leave 6 weeks, incl. Bank Holidays. Both positions permanent and pensionable—charge of £134 14s. is made for board, etc. Joint appointment might be made. Details and application form, returnable by 4 July, from Children's Officer, (SEDO/1289), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council Education Committee. Loxley Hall Residential School for Educationally Sub-Normal Boys, Nr Uttoxeter. Applications are invited for the post of House-father (resident), salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales—£450–£530 per annum less a deduction of £116 per annum for board residence. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Education Offices, Stafford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Town and Country Planning. Applicants must be graduates in Planning or in allied subject and be corporate members of the Town Planning Institute. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme; initial salary according to qualifications and practical experience. Applications should be sent not later than 6 July to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

VICTORIA and Albert Museum requires two male temporary Museum Assistants. Candidates must have general education to GCE level and be at least 16. Starting salary from £327 10s. to £550; rising to £715. Prospects of pensionable employment. Apply Superintendent, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, SW7, by 30 June, 1959.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers required for work with team dealing, under general direction of consultant psychiatrist, with care and aftercare of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley salary £610–£845 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Secretarial assistance. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1317), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 1 July.

HOME for mothers and children, in York, requires resident Deputy Warden, preferably with Social Science Diploma and experience in some branch of social work. Pensionable post, offering opportunity to take part in social experiment to prevent family breakdown. Further information and application form from the Hon. Secretary, Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York.

WARDEN'S Asst., Res., immediately Liverpool Hostel for Girls; applicant not over 35 yrs; £208 per annum plus full board. Apply Warden, Girls' Welfare Association, 33 Upper Duke St, Liverpool 1.

WANTED: 2 Laboratory Technicians for Psychiatric Research Unit. 20 minutes from New York City. Salary $4,000 up. Accommodation, food, laundry — $500 per year. Also 2 Nurses for ward, salary as above. Yearly increments. Box 8963.

RETIRED qualified master required part-time (1 to 5) with experience in grammar school subjects. Apply headmaster, Pardes House School, 181 West Heath Rd, NW3.

MEDICAL Research Council. Secretary required by Social Medicine Research Unit. Varied and interesting work. Salary according to qualifications and experience; maximum £748 (£789 in 1961). Superannuation. Please apply to Director, SMRU, London Hospital Research Laboratories, Ashfield Street, London, E1.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. Tel. MUS 7379.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS 7379.

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MIDDLE-aged woman required for clerical work connected with workrooms for old age pensioners—good copy-typist—could be part-time. Apply Employment Fellowship, Drayton House, Gordon St, WC1. (EUS 1828.)

CAPABLE and intelligent male cook, single, 25-35, required (not immediately) for seaside Guest House; permanency for right applicant. Box 9142.

DOCTOR in SE Lancs industrial town trying to run single-handed practice and big old-fashioned house desperately wants working housekeeper. Widower with three children away at school. S.O.S. Box 9341.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED teacher, creative approach needlecraft, dressmaking, artistic physical culture, dance choreography, seeks position progressive school. Box 9291.

SWISS yng man with commercial exp., fluent French, German, Spanish, Italian, reqs. post as secretary/translator. Box 9004.

SCOTTISH Art student, male, seeks unusual employment London from mid-June. Try anything. MacCallum, Art School, Glasgow.

EXPERIENCED woman teacher, First cl. Eng. Hons., free Sept. for interesting post, pref. advanced class or individual tuition. Drama. London. Box 9393.

MAN, 39, sincere Christian, ex-school teacher, seeks employment in connection with child welfare. Box 9196.

VERBATIM shorthand-writers. Duplicating, typg, translts. Mabel Eyles (ENT 3324).

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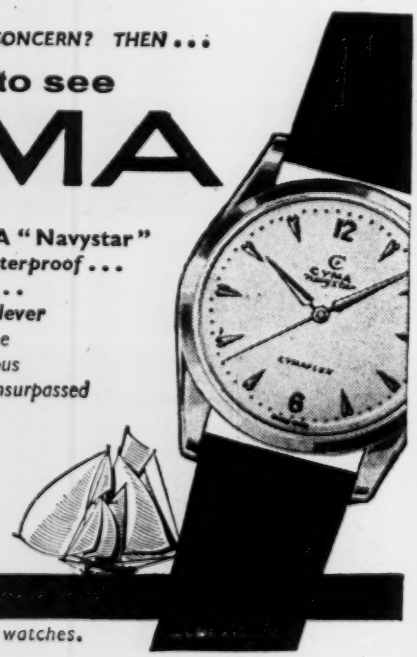

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PERSONAL

WANTED, small room, central, for literary magazine (poor), renting. Box 9132.

INTELL. woman with Sussex cottage offers another wkend accom. Box 9334.

SHIFT-worker (TV studios) committed to expensive holiday seeks part-time work. Anything. Box 9200.

HOMELY and understanding couple, able to offer lodgings to young working girls with no parents, preferably within easy reach of the N16 district, are asked to contact the Area Children's Officer, 4 King's Mead Way, Marsh Hill, Homerton, E9. Tel. Amhurst 8531. Generous allowances payable. (1321).

YOUNG teacher (f) sks cheap accom. N. Lon. return sitting-in or typing. Box 9369.

TRAINED nursery nurse travel. N. York autumn sks duties for passage. Box 9299.

INTELLIGENT well-educated man (20) seeks work Continent; drives, anything. Available October. Box 9183.

ACCOM. & board offered by gentleman to educated woman in exchange for part-time housekeeping & small remuneration, Hampstead. Start beginning August. Box 9166.

WANTED: Spanish Linguaphone records, good cond. Price: Burns, 479 Eccles New Rd, Salford 5, Lancs. or Pen. 5211/2.

KIRKMAN small boudoir grand—modern, faultless condition. Weybridge area. 200 gns. o.n.o. Box 5197.

FRENCH boy, 16, seeks holiday home for month with family with son or near neighbours same age: possibility of exchange. Write Mme. Raymond, Grisy-les-Plâtres, Seine-et-Oise, France.

YNG American woman sks companions 2½ wks travel Spain fm abt 26 July. Arriving London 19 July. Please write S. Schmerz, 103 W.72 St, New York 23.

YNG man 31 sks compan. (m) for camping hol. S. France anytime Aug. Box 9382.

GRADUATE (m. 31, car) sks companions for Swedish tour 29 Aug.-10 Sept. Share expenses. Box 9239.

SUNNY Ajaccio, Corsica. Comfortable modern furnished flat to let mid-July to mid-Sept. Reas. rent View sea. Box 9362.

FOUR plane seats available for Switzerland: Dep. 3 August return 31 August 1959. Ret fare: £16 10s. per person. Box 9277.

LINGUAPHONE records wtd. 2nd-hand French. Kilquhanity Hse, Castle Douglas.

EXPD. rider wants use scooter/lt m/cycle few days. AMH 3006 office hrs.

DAUGHTER, 2, of grad. mother, N. Cheam, wishes meet playmate. Box 9401.

WORKING, walking, climbing towards NZ, autumn, schoolmaster-mountaineer, 23, seeks companion (m.). Box 9112.

FRANCE. Solitude. House to let on farm. Alone but within walking distance shops. Suit hermit, writer, artist. Cheap. Near medieval town on the Loire. Box 9290.

'AU pair' from 1 July. Happy professional family. SWIss Cottage 5133.

PROF. cple, 2 children, no home, urgently need £100 loan. Full partics. Box 9280.

FOR young people 11-15, weekends, holidays. 15 acres beautiful Chiltern country. Relaxed personal atmosphere. Mrs. Suffi, Sunley Bank, Chinnor Hill, Oxon.

ACCORDIONIST wishes join first-class light ensemble. Pro/semi-pro. Box 9251.

OXFORD: comfortable house to let, mid-Aug. to mid-Sept., sleep 6. 10 gns. weekly. Box 9250.

FAMILY of boy (15) wants exchange with British boy about same age for summer holidays in a quiet green or woody country place. Willing also work as pair for half-a-day. Speaks French, Spanish, and finished 3rd year English at College Francais, Barcelona. Write: A. Salzman, 147 Avenida Infanta Carlota Joaquina, Barcelona, Spain.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artist's attractive old house overlooking harbour. Large, secluded garden. Box 8832.

WEEK of House-Partying with international set in converted Suffolk coaching Inn. Dances, Socials, 7 tennis courts, club-house, liberal arts discussion circles. Youthful in spirit only need apply. Weekly from 14 June. £10 inc. Half Moon House, Clare, Suffolk.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL 8193).

VISION Corrected. Sight Improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 79 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNightsbridge 7323.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

PARENTS of four welcome children 8-16 as paying hol. guests in spac. Thameside home. Tennis, swimming, boating. 8 gns. p.w. Mrs. Silberman, Strangers, Bourne End, Bucks.

PERSONAL—continued

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL 6655 for details.

TEENAGE Holidays. Summer Drama Schools. Seven-day Courses Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, starting 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug. Chanticleer Theatre, London, starting 9 Aug. and 17 Aug (Eve. Course). Professional Stage Staff. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Syllabus from Director: Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon, SW. WIM 2161.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records and 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday courses: 3 LP records and 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd (Dept. Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS 7223.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

BOOK Manuscripts, fiction, juvenile, poetry and general, invited for early publication. Royalty and authors' property agreements issued. Reasonable terms. Golden Pegasus Books Ltd, (Dept. P.38), 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

OFFSET-litho printing & reproduction. Text in print-style type. Stencil duplcting. Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St. W1. HUN 9893.

GUITAR Lessons Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA 4354.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

FOREIGN girls domest., willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. & offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN 8806.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Ashley College. GER 8782.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dep P/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

PRINTING with Personality—at country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer. 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO 3141.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

HOLIDAY Help. Foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. AC Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN 1586.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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GLYNDEBOURNE? Dine at 'The Key'—it's on the way & cheaper. Or come anyway & bring your wine. Chelwood Gate 66.

WINE and Cheese, that's the new and civilised party idea. Start things off right with superb El Cid Sherry. It's a fine light yet full-bodied Amontillado that appeals to everyone.

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

RELUCTANT sale by author of modernised thatched cottage, one of a pair, in W Suffolk. 2 tiny up, 2 down, kitchen and brand-new bathroom. Overgrown garden, primitive but salubrious sanitation, electricity, water, countless fittings. £1,500. Write Box 9124 or phone Boxford (Suffolk) 458.

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29 June at 7.30. The Carmelites.
30 June at 7.30. Medea.
1 & 3 July at 6.0. Last 2 perfs. Parsifal (in German).
2 & 4 July at 7.30. Madama Butterfly—Sena Jurinac (in Italian).

Opera Season ends 18 July

COV. 1066.

THEATRES

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

29 June-11 July

Evenings 7.30, Mat. Sats. 2.30.

LA FAMILLE HERNANDEZ

The Laughter Show from Paris

ARTS. TEM 3334 Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 10th wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO 1745. Last day. Sat 5 & 8.15. 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennessee Williams.

TOWER. 7.30. 25, 26, 27 June: 'Third Person', 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11 July (mat. & evg): 'Much Ado About Nothing'. CAN 5111 (6-8.30), CAN 3475 (before 6), Canonbury N1.

UNITY, EUS 5391. 'The Risen People'. Last 3 perfs. Fr. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERT

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
(Pres.: YEHUDI MENUHIN)
Last recital of India's Great Sarod Player, Ustad ALI AKBAR KHAN—in association with LONDON MAJLIS

Sat. 27 June, 7.30 p.m.

Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.
Tickets available at the door

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Films by Jean Cocteau. Until 5 July: 'Les Enfants Terribles' (X)

ROXY, BAY 2345. W/C. 28 June, 7 days, Melina Mercouri, Georges Foundas, 'Stella' (X) Jas. Mason, 'Odd Man Out' (A).

THE Impostor'. A beautiful Japanese film (English sub-titles) Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Thursday, 9 July 1959 at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: The India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. Prices: 2s., 3s., 4s. Members. Non-members 1s. extra.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 27 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

SUMMER Dance, Central London Fabian Society & Hampstead Labour Party, Hampstead Town Hall, Sat. 4 July, 8 p.m. Tickets 4s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED continues to add to its list of collotype reproductions. Agents in most main towns in UK can show full range. Details on request from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Elizabeth Frink. Sculpture and Drawings. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

KAPLAN Gallery. Impressionist Paintings by Henri Martin 6 Duke Street, St James's.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Williams Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, W1 (GER 3529) Circus Family & Sun Child: Francis Rose.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. John Ratcliff & Manuel Benaim 22 June-11 July. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS — Continued

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St. W1. MAYfair 4419. George Fullard—Drawings, Karl Weschke and John Davison—Paintings. 29 June-18 July. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings 1944-1959. Until 4 July. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

ARTS of China: exhibition on loan from V. & A. Museum at Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave, EC1 from Tues. 23 June to Sat. 4 July. Open 10-8 (Mon.-Fri.) 10-5 (Sat.) Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W1. Francis Bacon — Paintings, Wols—Watercolours. to 4 July. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions—Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Ayrton; New Works by Vieira Da Silva; and Paintings by Jawlensky. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 10 July.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

NUDES of Jean Straker — Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

JOIN THE INDIAN DELEGATION to the VIIth WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL

VIENNA 26 July—4 August

£35 inclusive of Travel to and from London, Board and Lodging, Tours, Cultural programmes etc.

MEETING: at 6 p.m. Sun. 28 June 1959 or write for particulars to:

THE INDIAN FESTIVAL CONVENORS,
31A John Adam St.
(near Strand Tube Stn)
London, WC2.

Universities & Left Review Club
E. P. THOMPSON:
THE CLASS STRUGGLE

The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 29 June, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Arthur Jacobs, 'A Hope for Music', Wed. 1 July, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Design. Design Centre Awards 1959. A discussion on 'Designs of the Year' selected from The Design Centre. The articles will be on view in the Gallery before the discussion, from 6.30 p.m. Speakers will include: Sir Gordon Russell, L. Bruce Archer, A. J. Lee, James Stirling. Thursday, 2 July 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 26 June, 8 p.m. Bishop Antony Bloom: 'St Serafim of Sarov'. Wed. 1 July 8 p.m. 'Balagantchik' by Alex. Blok. Prod. D. Makaroff, decor A. Evdokimov, actors: young members of club. Fri. 3 July 8 p.m. W. E. Mosse: 'Alexander II in Russian History'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 30 June, 8 p.m. Alexandra Wexler: 'Mayakovsky' (in Russian).

CONFERENCE on Opera and Ballet: Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. Sunday, 5 July, 2.30 p.m. Chairman: Thomas Russell; Statement: Alan Bush. Organised by Music Group, Communist Party, 16 King St, WC2. Tickets obtainable 2s. 6d. or pay at door.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Wed. 1 July 1959, 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Subject: Ruskin To-day. Speaker: Sir Kenneth Clark, CH, KCB. Visitors will be welcome, and are invited to take part in the discussion. Refreshments.

TWICKENHAM CND. Meeting 3 July 8 p.m. Kings Head. Rev. W. J. Davies, 'The Church and the H-Bomb'

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8. 4 July 6 p.m. Italian film 'La Romana'.

MONDAY, 29 June 1959. General Zionist Organisation of Gt Britain. Manya Harari (Translator of 'Dr Zhivago') on 'Boris Pasternak', 'The Dorice' 169a Finchley Rd, NW3: 8 p.m. sharp, Adm. free, Vis. welc. Hon. Sec. Mrs H. H. Allen, SPE 3328.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 28 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Why not three cheers for democracy?' H. J. Blackham.

AFRICA'S Crisis, Jane Symonds, Sec., Africa Bureau, Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs., 2 July, 8 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 28 June, 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Antony Bates, 'Seven Veils that Hide Truth'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Arts in Russia—two discussions: Tues. 30 June—Jack Lindsay and Ewan MacColl on Soviet writing; Fri. 3 July—Sir Tom O'Brien, G. H. Elvin, Gerald Croasdell, H. Ratcliffe, Ralph Bond on the artists' position. Both at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.6d.

S PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 28 June. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Reunion All Round?' Write for free copy 'Monthly Record'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Special Public Lecture, Wed. 1 July: 'A Humanist Looks at Buddhism', Dr. Ronald Fletcher (University of London). Humanists, Existentialists, etc., especially welcome. Read our quarterly 'The Middle Way' (3s. post free). Information TAT 1313.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 28 June 8 p.m. 'Three Great Ideas'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

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RUSSIAN, French, German, Conversations, Private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (Opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA 2044.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas: Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

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